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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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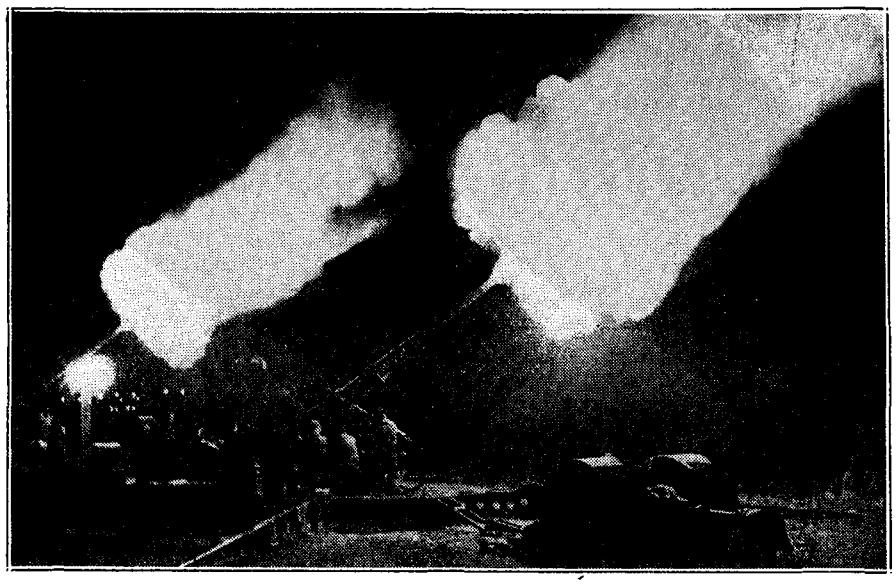

PEACE-TIME CONSUMPTION (*Photo by Acme*)
"The United States contributes to the $4,500,000,000 yearly business of armament manufacturers." Picture and caption from "Merchants of Death."

Prelude to Revolution

JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT. By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Translated from the French by John H. P. Marks. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL PUTNAM

THIS novel has been advertised by the publisher, well in advance, as a "literary bombshell." For once at least, the blurb comes near to criticism.

It all started quietly enough, back in the fall of 1932, in connection with that little Parisian pastime, the annual awarding of literary prizes, a divertissement that never fails to call forth the smiles of the knowing ones, and which some years ago gave rise to a hilarious stage comedy.

If there ever was a dark horse, M. Céline was one, the year in question. No one, apparently, had heard of him or of his book, "Voyage au Bout de la Nuit." He was a suburban doctor of thirty-seven or thereabouts, not previously known as a writer and apparently possessing none of those connections, with individuals or with groups, which are so important in the life of a French man of letters. But you can never tell what has been going on behind the scenes. When the Goncourt committee met, M. Céline had at any rate one supporter, and a fervent one, in M. Lucien Descaves. As the reporters clustered outside for a first inkling of the winner, M. Descaves came suddenly stalking through their midst; he was visibly irate.

"It was all decided last week," he said, "in favor of Céline." And that was all he would say.

The Prix Goncourt, as all the world knows, went to M. Guy Mazeline, for his "Les Loups" ("Wolves"), soon to appear in English. Less than thirty minutes later, M. Céline had been awarded the Prix Théophraste-Rénaudot. M. Mazeline, incidentally, had been nosed out by three votes on the Prix Femina, which went to M. Ramon Fernandez for his "Le Pari." And that is the way things go in literary Paris, especially when the leaves and the autumnal prizes are falling.

What had happened was this. For some weeks before the awarding of the Goncourt and the Femina, M. Mazeline, whose backing was strong and who had been carefully groomed by his supporters, was mentioned as a possible precedent-breaker, a winner of both prizes. (The weekly, *L'Illustration*, carried some offhand remark as to this.) At the Prix Fe-

(*Continued on page* 662)

The Dictatorship of the Machine

TECHNICS AND CIVILIZATION. By Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1934. $4.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM F. OGBURN

IN a recent discussion as to what changes in meaning the word science would undergo as it was taken over by the social studies, it was argued that emphasis on discovery would be less. For the unknown in social life doesn't seem to have the possibility of discovery that the unknown in the natural world offers. It is hardly expected to yield such brilliant discoveries as, for instance, the unimaginable magnitude of the galaxies or the incredible speed of the electron. In reply it was claimed that in the social field the discovery of the unsuspected unconscious in mental life and the determining role of the machine in social change were of that order of magnitude. Mr. Mumford's book deals with the latter subject.

Beginning with the tenth century, three phases in the development of machine civilization are described. The first is the eotechnic and is the era of wind, water, and wood. The second, the paleotechnic, takes us through the industrial revolution. Its power is coal and its product iron. What's happened since the age of steam has been variously described and labelled. Several authors have designated it the Third Industrial Revolution. Others have characterized it as the second phase of the Industrial Revolution. For the distinguishing characteristic, communication is one that has been suggested. Mr. Mumford names it the neotechnic, and bases it on electricity and the alloys. These are convenient classifications, though the conception of the era is more suited to political than to economic history.

The method is a discussion of social significance of key inventions; the result is a new and fascinating type of history. For instance, the clock is seen as the first automatic machine, the forerunner of the automatic factory. It also becomes the great regimenter of our daily life, and foreshadows the dictatorship of the machine. The artist and the clock never get on well together; and, artist that he is, Mr. Mumford has insights into the clock hardly given to ordinary man. The brilliance of his treatment is shown in the portrayal of the significance of glass. In "Through a Glass, Brightly," we begin by

(*Continued on page* 659)

An International Racket

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS

THESE books,* while in my judgment both accurate in detail and sound in conclusion, nevertheless seem predestined to be wholly misleading in their effect upon the mind of the average reader. The reason for this, moreover, is simple, for what we have here is a complete and probably conscious reversion to the once familiar technique of the muckraker. And because it is extraordinarily good muckraking, the volumes suffer from the defects of their virtues. For although the old muckraker scored many notable successes off individuals and isolated gangs, he was never able to bring off a decisive victory because these were incidental and the system to which they belonged rendered impregnable by universal acceptance.

The target of the present volumes is the arms industry, the enemies directly assailed, the purveyors of the instruments of mass-murder who are the "Merchants of Death" of Messrs. Engelbrecht and Hanighen's title. The books, moreover, set out to prove—and do it up to the hilt—that the manufacture of war material has become a kind of international racket. They charge and prove that the agents of the munitions-makers frequently corrupt the press, sway legislatures, stampede public opinion, always, of course, in directions calculated to sell their goods. They make it clear that in peace these agents seek to hasten the arrival of war and that in war time they similarly strive to postpone the return of peace. Time and again they are the authors of war panics and armament competitions.

Significant examples of the consequences of this international racket are set forth here. Thus, "Merchants of Death" cites the fact that the German soldiers advancing against Fort Douaumont at Verdun were halted by barbed wire entanglements recently exported from the Fatherland. French soldiers in the Riff were slaughtered by French machine guns in the hands of the Moors. The French High Command during four years of the World War spared the Briey iron mines and foundries, always within range of their artillery, because these were owned by the Comité des Forges, although from this region Germany drew most of the steel used in her munitions.

The story of the growth of this racket, the tale of the development of the Houses of Krupp, Schneider, and Vickers, in Germany, France, and Britain, the account of the public performances of that ingenious Anglo-American, Hiram Maxim, and the private intrigues of that mysterious Anglo-Hellene, Basil Zaharoff, are told in one or the other of the books with a wealth of detail. So also are narrated similarly significant episodes in the history of the American Du Ponts, Carnegies, and Schwabs. In the main, the books are an indictment with the supporting evidence supplied.

As a consequence no one can read them without perceiving the truth—not new, to be sure, but never more impressively told—that the munitions trade is a sordid and sickening business, that, in fact these "Merchants of Death" often exploit the political passions of peoples as the "White Slavers" traffic exploits physical passions of individuals. Unquestionably some, at least, of these manufacturers sell arms abroad with the full consciousness that these will be used against their fellow countrymen and, into the bargain, foment hatreds between peoples in the hope of making business.

Such then are the frequent, if not invariable, consequences of the arms trade. Let us assume that the authors have made their case up to this point. On the one hand the business, itself, is an international racket. The statistics of the extent of this racket are supplied and are appalling. Peoples everywhere are staggering under the burden of their taxes, but the curve of production and profit of Krupps, Schneider, and Vickers is once more on the ascendant, even in this fourth year of world depression. On the other hand, the "Merchants of Death" are up to their old tricks everywhere. But these things being demonstrably true, what of it?

In theory there are three possible courses discoverable. The arms trade can be reformed, transferred to governmental operation, or subjected to international control. That the first is desirable, even necessary, may be conceded, but the effect would not go beyond the reduction of the high cost of killing and the abolition of certain mean and nauseating abuses. As to the other two, here, with absolute justice, as it seems to me, the authors of "Merchants of Death" assert that governmental operation is impractical and international control politically out of the question.

See, then, what these authors come to in the end. What they say is—

> The arms industry is plainly a perfectly natural product of our present civilization. More than that it is an essential element in the chaos and anarchy which characterize our international politics. To eliminate it requires the creation of a world which can get along without war by settling its differences

* *MERCHANTS OF DEATH. By H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* 1934. $2.50.
IRON, BLOOD AND PROFITS. By George Seldes. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $2.50.

This Week

FROM A FEVER CHART
By BABETTE DEUTSCH

BEYOND THE MEXIQUE BAY
By ALDOUS HUXLEY
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

JAMES SHORE'S DAUGHTER
By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
Reviewed by Theodore Purdy, Jr.

AMONG THE LOST PEOPLE
By CONRAD AIKEN
Reviewed by Currie Cabot

THE DREAMER
By JULIAN GREEN
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

A BACKWARD GLANCE
By EDITH WHARTON
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

THE FOLDER
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WHAT HAPPENS TO A BOOK?
By HORACE W. STOKES

Next Week or Later

MONTPARNASSE IS DEAD
By LOUIS BROMFIELD

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and disputes by peaceful means. And that involves remaking our entire civilization.

Now this means that having muckraked the war munitions industry for nearly three hundred pages the authors throw up their hands and say, in effect, that nothing important can be achieved until the world is reconstructed. The conclusion itself seems to me inescapable. In a world without law, force must be the sole means of determining disputes between equally sovereign states. Resort to force, however, brings war and the certainty of war imposes the need for fleets and armies. That need, in turn must be met by the creation of factories to furnish material. Finally, the private owners of such factories will conduct their business like any other, that is with an eye to profit primarily and perhaps exclusively.

But how many readers of this book will follow the argument of the authors through to the end? How many by contrast, will stop half way through to begin a denunciation of the "Merchants of Death" as the real makers of war? How many will arrive at the one proper conclusion that war like Prohibition is a racket and to abolish the racketeer you have got to get rid of the system that makes him possible?

The point I am trying to make is that this book actually involves two things. There is, first, the question of the munitions business, itself. There is, second, the question of the relation of that business to the matter of peace and war. Unhappily the case against the munitions business is made with such completeness that its almost inevitable result will be the launching of a crusade against the "Merchants of Death" on the assumption that they are the criminals who are responsible for war. Now I don't care a fig how many such crusades start or how far they go subject to a single condition—and that is they do not inspire people with the idea that this is the way to do something for peace.

Lynch the "Merchants of Death," if you want to, as guilty of the crimes here charged and proven against them. But do not expect when you come back from the lynching party to find a world freed from the dangers of war, or cleansed of the causes of war. Such expectation would be wholly nonsensical. Armaments may occasionally have caused wars, although the point is highly debatable. Munitions makers may in a few instances have precipitated conflicts, although I doubt it. But it is plain that they incessantly have tried to do it and so—off with their heads!

Personally, however, having attended all the disarmament conferences of the post-war period and having also been at Paris when the Peace Treaties were made, I find it difficult to believe that the "Merchants of Death" have ever had much to do with the failure of these conferences to provide peace or disarmament. If you could somehow prove that Basil Zaharoff, for example, was the true author of the Polish Corridor, the case against at least one of the "Merchants of Death" would be established. But it was Wilson who was the architect of the Corridor.

In the same fashion, if you could saddle the arms makers with responsibility for conditions in Central Europe today, then it would be simple to prove that the cause of peace would be advantaged by the removal of the guilty persons. But, again, however guilty otherwise, the munitions makers were not to blame for applying the principle of self determination to the Danubian area. On the contrary, unless I am mistaken, some of them even criticized it—in the mistaken fear that it might lead to order, of course. There is an old friend of mine in Paris, the agent of one of the big munitions houses, who tells me that invariably the assembling of a disarmament conference is marked upon his order slip by an increase of business. But even the munitions makers are not sufficiently Machiavellian to promote disarmament conferences.

But in reading Mr. Seldes's book, as in reading "The Merchants of Death," I found myself sharing the feeling of H. G. Wells, whom Mr. Seldes quotes apropos of Zaharoff—

> Indisputably this man has spent the larger part of his life in the equipment and promotion of human slaughter. And it is unjust and absurd to blame him for doing so. It is cheap and easy for sentimental pacifists to be indignant about him but all of us are involved in the complex of processes that carried him to wealth and all of us have to share his responsibility. Circumstances beyond his control built up his ideology. . . . The organization of killing is inherent in our accepted ideology.

Mr. Seldes has entitled his final chapter "What are you going to do about it?" but I confess when he asserts that the first step to peace, the first real preparation is the destruction of the world-wide munitions racket, he leaves me cold. Before that, he says that the World War has proven that war is a bad thing for all countries, all men. But with that I cannot agree. For the British and the Germans, it was certainly, for the French probably, but not for the Poles, the Czechs, the Serbs, for the peoples who achieved liberty or unity. On the same basis the American Revolution was bad business for the Colonists. The Sardinian War in 1859 was a disaster for Austria and France, but not for Italy which achieved liberty and unity by it.

When Mr. Seldes says that "No reason for war remains except sudden profits for the fifty men who run the munitions racket," he says what is demonstrably inexact. The reasons for war are well nigh innumerable and most of them reside in our "accepted ideology" which is nationalism. It may be true that the Krupps and Thyssens have welcomed Hitler, but you have only to read the Führer's book to discover that his is a vision of Germany as far removed from influence of Zaharoff as was Jeanne d'Arc's vision of France from the inspiration of the armor makers of her time.

It would all be so simple and so easy, this struggle for peace, if only the munitions racketeers stood in the way. But if you could, by the stroke of an executive pen, transfer all munitions plants and arms factories from private to governmental control, the question of war or peace would still remain substantially intact. The problem of the Anschluss, the issue of Hungaria Irredenta, the dispute over Macedonia, even the matter of disarmament itself, would survive unaffected. And since these questions can be settled only by arms, governments would continue to prepare their armies and navies for conflict.

Yet the trouble with these books and with all similar volumes is the fact that the emphasis laid upon detail distracts attention from the basic truth. Thus it is almost beyond doubt that the publication of these works will be followed by a nation-wide series of pulpit explosions, Sunday supplement agitations, peace campaigns. The professional peacemakers will shower Congress and the President with petitions to abolish the trade of the "Merchants of Death" as the sure way to eliminate war.

During all the post-war period well intentioned men and women have been indefatigable in this sort of activity. Thanks to them the nations of the earth solemnly ratified the Kellogg Pact, by which they renounced war as an instrument of policy. But not one renounced a national policy which could only be realized by war. As a consequence the nations kept on arming and Japan presently demonstrated that an outlawed war could be as profitable to munitions makers as one legally launched.

Soviet Russia, as Mr. Seldes notes, has no munitions racket. But hers is one of the greatest of the military establishments on this planet. Take the munitions business from the hands of the racketeers everywhere and turn it over to governments and in many countries that action will of a necessity be followed by the immediate expansion of armaments and stockage of war stores. For many countries are today without war industries and dependent upon the world, and if the other governments make munitions a monopoly they will have to create their own factories.

Only H. G. Wells and Norman Angell of post-war writers have effectively stressed the point that wars are made by peoples, by the majorities in states, that it is national policies, popularly accepted and acclaimed that make wars. The international banker, the munitions racketeer, the ambitious politician, and the aspiring demagogue all can turn popular conceptions, whether patriotic or pecuniary, to their own profit. But it is what people *en masse* accept as their rights, as the rights of their countries, sovereign and imprescriptible, and call upon their leaders to maintain uncompromisingly, that make wars.

When, therefore, as in the present books, you start muckraking the arms trade, whatever useful reform you may accomplish in that direction, nevertheless you inevitably draw a red herring across the main trail. You help to sustain the individual in his comfortable belief that wars are made by wicked foreigners or dishonest natives, by the Hitlers abroad or the Zaharoffs at home. You start him full tilt after some one who is, in effect, only his own accomplice. For it is the man in the street, he, you, and I, who are actually responsible, and such a crusade can only strike at the effect and not the cause of existing conditions.

Peace and nationalism are themselves mutually exclusive. Peace itself has always been but a precarious pause between conflict with two exceptions, once when the whole world was gathered under the single sovereignty of Rome and again, when the medieval Papacy was able to exercise a moderating influence upon the ambitions of princes. By contrast war has been the invariable concomitant of a world of sovereign states, equally destitute of an accepted system of public international law and of any machinery for enforcing it. And the peoples of all states, in contemporary times, have with equal energy resisted the creation of either as constituting an intolerable menace to national sovereignty.

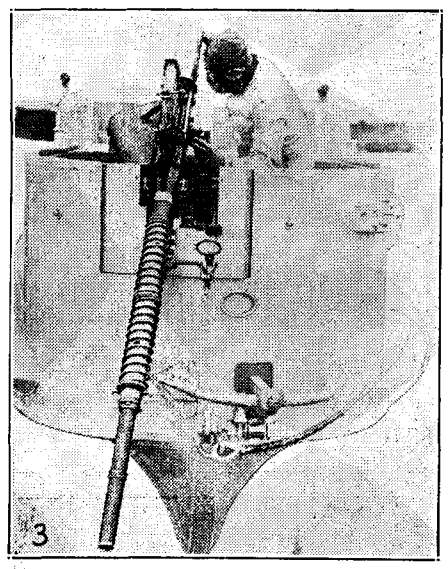
But the alternative is armaments, "Merchants of Death," and ultimate war. And while reforming the business of munitions making would usefully reduce the present high cost of killing it would not have much effect upon the amount of that killing, itself. I grant that in this review I have not been quite fair to authors of these books In fact the books seem to me admirable in themselves and fair, and on the whole restrained in their treatment of one of the greatest of the recognized evils of our time. What the authors have reported ought to be known widely and isn't. Thus, theirs is a genuine contribution to public knowledge on a subject of major public concern.

If these two books, admirable as they are in many respects, only undertook to establish the fact that the sordid and sickening business of munitions-racketeering and of war-mongering, which inevitably follows in its trail, were the inescapable consequences of what Wells calls our "accepted ideology," their usefulness would be beyond praise. The trouble is that they leave the reader with the idea that he can keep the ideology and escape the consequent conflict. But he can't. Thus while the effect of this muckraking of munitions-racketeers may make mass murder cleaner it will not affect those motives which make such murder frequent.

Twenty-five years on the firing lines of conflicting nationalism in peace and war, on the battlefield, and at disarmament and economic conferences have made an internationalist of the present writer. In the same fashion a decade and a half of intimate contact with peace agitations has abolished most of his interest in crusades. Even the existence of the "Merchants of Death" and the evidence of their enormities leave him relatively cold as long as people continue to close their eyes to the thing that is actually responsible for contemporary conditions, namely nationalism, domestic and foreign alike.

GERMAN PILOTS STUDY AREA TO BE GASSED (*Wide World Photo*)

Photographs on this page are from "Merchants of Death"



BRITISH "ANTI-SUBMARINE FLYING BOAT" (*Wide World Photo*)

From a Fever-Chart

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

THE world is sick: thrills with her climbing wars;
Is plagued by her doctors who cannot agree;
Envies the chills and fevers of the stars
Tossing in heaven; belches poverty,
Wonders therewith how to make foul smell fair;
Nicely to cover decay, destroys the quick;
Tries remedies that bring her to despair,
Yet breathes, yet lives. But she is very sick.

And I, who shall die tomorrow, or in a year,
Die, not bravely, not nobly, hating death
(A small thing, but mine own), think nothing of
These evils monstrously grown natural; fear
Neither the disease of the world, nor my last breath:
Being most hatefully medicined with love.

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Aldous Huxley in Mexico

BEYOND THE MEXIQUE BAY. By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

MR. HUXLEY took a Caribbean cruise, quitting it with relief to do some rather thorough poking about in Maya ruins and the Indian villages of the Guatemalan highlands. Then he moved on into Mexico, browsed roundabout Oaxaca, and spent several weeks in Mexico City and the plateau villages.

The sight-seeing itself is disposed of in witty wise-cracking which differs from the Broadway kind less in intention than in the fact that the "cracks" come from a curiously nimble and highly civilized intelligence. But the scene serves as the basis for several semi-serious passages, in the nature of detached essays, in which Mr. Huxley indulges his gift for discovering unexpected analogies and smoothing surprising or seemingly inharmonious statements and surmises into the appearance of philosophic form, of logic, and truth.

ON THE WAY TO MIAHUATLAN
From "Beyond the Mexique Bay"

There is something piquant, of course, in the mere appearance of the author of "Point Counter Point" in such surroundings. He doesn't enjoy hard exercise or roughing it. He is disdainful of the cult of the primitive. An old Indian, squatting in front of a church, blowing interminably on a little whistle and staring into space with eyes like shoe-buttons, reminded him of a photograph he once saw of a giant tortoise swallowing a snake. He was glad to see the last of the black buttons. "Frankly, try how I may, I cannot very much like primitive people. They make me feel uncomfortable. *'La bêtise n'est pas mon fort.'*" And while academicians, in the sense of those who think all the correct thoughts and have been instructed in all branches of genteel knowledge, are common enough, as are rebellious roughnecks who deride all fashionable beliefs, there are few, like Mr. Huxley, to whom, in spite of their orthodox background and upbringing, nothing is holy, not even the Encyclopædia Britannica. The general result is altogether entertaining.

Why, he asks, surveying the impressive ruins at Quirigua and Copan, shouldn't there be a trace, in the austere, abstractly geometric Mayan art, of all that "treacly and ectoplasmic sensuality" which he finds in all the ancient architecture of India? Such differences, he surmises, are largely due to accident, to fashions so vigorously imposed by outstanding individuals that they became "natural" to the mass of the people. There were periods "when death was all the rage in European history. To the fifteenth-century artist a good death appeal was as sure a key to popularity as a good sex-appeal is at the present time . . . the eighteenth century witnessed a revival of this fashionable interest in death . . . the 'Night Thoughts' had an international success comparable to that of the 'Green Hat.'"

Central America is "just Europe in miniature and with the lid off, the ideal laboratory in which to study the behavior of the Great Powers," and with this introduction, Mr. Huxley embarks on a discussion of why men fight, nationalism, doctrines of race superiority, Hitlerism, how to stop wars, and so on. "The commonest, one might call it the natural, rhythm of human life is routine punctuated by orgies." These blowings-off of steam may be religious, sexual, sporting, political, but human beings seem to demand the privilege of making whoopee in masses. The great thing is keep your orgies platonic—as they are when Central Americans burn effigies of Judas, for instance—"orgies with no morning after, paradisial vision!"

In Mexico, Mr. Huxley draws an amusing analogy between Englishmen like William Morris, who fled from smoky milltowns into the pre-industrial past, and Americans like Stuart Chase, who flee from their own industrialism to the fifteenth century peasant society of Mexico. He doesn't think Mr. Chase's suggestions for grafting a certain amount of modern industrialism on the "noble savage" below the Rio Grande workable. Hygiene would increase the population, make cities of villages, and bring with it an urban mentality. Electrification, modern methods in agriculture, roads, Fords, would all, even while they lifted loads from aching backs, destroy the old placid, stable, peasant psychology. What might, and should be done, Mr. Huxley suggests, would be to graft some of the primitive's virtues on the modern civilized man—to give the latter some of the former's wholeness and generality. A civilized man "can go comfortably and, as we judge success, successfully through life, incapable of doing anything except, shall we say, writing detective novels." A highly organized society protects him from his own incompetence. "The problem is to evolve a society which would retain the advantages resulting from specialization while allowing its members to lead the life of generalized human beings."

Mr. Huxley, it will be observed, is quite capable of talking good hard sense, as well as of shocking and exasperating. For one thing, the scene encourages that "platonic" attitude which he himself urges in another connection. The Mayans and Mexicans are exotic enough not to call for that intellectual exhibitionism into which clever men are sometimes goaded by the too familiar notions of their own countrymen.

Dictatorship of the Machine

(*Continued from first page*)

looking at the world through the colored glass of the religious sanctuaries and seeing the mystical colored pictures. The technical process soon gives a clear glass and a clear picture framed by the window casement. Glass helps scholarship not only through the microscope and the telescope but by aid to the matured intellect through the use of eye glasses, and the revolution it brings in indoor life. In "Glass and the Ego," we see how a little coating on the back of a glass leads to introspection, encourages biographical writings, and develops narcissistic traits. We have political history, economic history; why not a history of material culture? The influence of glass in history may well have been more important than that of Ghengis Khan, Caesar, and Napoleon combined.

There is something about the subject of the machine that seems to lift the discussion to a grand plane. No doubt it is the dazzle of its significance that sets H. G. Wells, Oswald Spengler, and Lewis Mumford to telling of big things. To talk of the machine in a prosaic, matter-of-fact manner, as one does in discussing the production of potatoes, is the sign of a wizened intellect and a small mind. Yet, somehow, such an approach might have some scientific value. The trouble is that the profound significance of its influence, as Mr. Mumford abundantly shows, seems to transfix us. The machine is like Soviet Russia, big, new, startling. A conservative and a radical visiting Russia write books that do not appear to be about the same country at the same time, so great is the power of selection. Charles Beard sees the political significance of the machine; Stuart Chase views its economic effects. Mr. Mumford stresses its ideational side. Though there is some common observation, it is surprising how much original interpretation each can make. This is not a book of many facts leading to a few ideas as is Sumner's "Folkways" or Darwin's "Origin of Species." It is rather a book of ideas—many of them. There is said to be a correlation between leadership and crisis. After the World War, we had Wells's "Outline of History," and Robinson's "The Mind in the Making." In the greatest depression of history, we get Mumford's "Technics and Civilization," and Rugg's "The Great Technology"; both pointing the way.

What is the way? What kind of society is the neotechnic phase to usher in? Capitalism will go, after a struggle; but as I understand it, not necessarily a bloody one. We are to have "basic communism" not of the ordinary kind; but assurance of a minimum standard, for those who participate. After this level is attained, the possibilities of achievement may be quite varied. The economic system of production, distribution, and consumption will be obsolete, and instead we are to have conversion, production, consumption, and creation. (The transition is not given in detail.) As to the political side, I don't recall seeing the word "fascism" in the book. But power is to rest on an improved organization of labor and of consumers.

That these are predictions made in the same detached manner that the eclipse of the sun is predicted is not certain; particularly since the author quotes John Dewey in this connection, to the effect that "the hypothesis itself becomes one of the determining elements in the working out of events." Perhaps the author's predictions are affected by the idea that hypothesis may help to bring them about. Indeed he may be more interested in trying to bring certain conditions to pass than he is in prediction.

On the important point of the future of invention, Mr. Mumford confidently predicts a slowing down of the tempo of research and invention and social change, also the use of fewer mechanical instruments than at present. "The old machines will, in fact, die out, as the great saurians died out to be replaced by smaller, faster, brainier and more adaptable organisms, adapted not to the mine, the battlefield, and the factory but to the positive environment of life." Though this is in contrast to predictions of others, it is a welcome contribution on a problematical subject from so able an observer. A volume, indeed, might be written on this subject alone,—and be worth the cost.

How much we can control our social destiny is a profound question. There is something of the inevitable about change. Against the great man theory of invention, there is the theory of independent multiple invention. There have been two or more claimants for every important electrical invention. The school boy in the United States learns that an American invented the steamboat, while in England he learns that it was an Englishman; in France a Frenchman. The cultural preparation is ripe; and the invention occurs irrespective of Edison, or any other hero. Great men are always plentiful so far as their chromosome basis is concerned, as is apparent from a table of probability integrals.

Quite fundamental to the analysis is the extent to which idea and social philosophies follow and are caused by science and invention, and how much social philosophies precede and cause invention. Religious ideas are adjusting themselves to science. Democratic dogmas are giving way before technology. Nationalism is accentuated by the communication inventions. The family is revolutionized because steam required a boiler too big for the dwelling house; and the philosophy of feminism is changing accordingly. To what extent would our attitude toward the family have prevented these changes? Attitudes do slow up the acceptance of science and invention, indeed they may prevent them, though illustrations are few. The instigating role of invention in our present era is probably due to the fact that it tends to grow like compound interest, which is not the case with attitudes, and much of our non-material culture.

Admitting that inventions are at least a strong factor in many social changes, would not social control rest somewhat on their prediction and ideational effects? It certainly is difficult to predict inventions. At the time of the Civil War who would have foreseen that we should have been talking through the air with an explorer at the South Pole? Even after an invention is made, can we anticipate the social changes it will produce? Edison could not see much use for the phonograph. That the automobile and telephone would be so effective in breaking down our cities and building up a new unit for which we do not yet have a suitable name, but which we call a metropolitan community, was not foreseen. It is not even admitted yet by government. Could we foresee and control the influence of the automobile on crime, or morals, or suburban development?

Much of our judgment on control flows from the acceptance of the idea that man created his civilization, which is not the case. The truer statement is that civilization grew, through the medium of human beings. To attribute the culture of Greece to the Greeks is mostly error. The culture of Greece grew because the Greek people happened to be the carriers of a culture which was passing through the stage of development at that time.

What we should do about the machine is a matter of judgment rather than science. It may be that strong enthusiasm and a redoubtable confidence is best. However, I have seen several idealistic movements crash like a house of cards, and the radicals take refuge in religion, science, or neurosis. There is a good deal to the attitude which asks what is likely to happen, irrespective of wishful thinking, and then says, let us see what can be done to modify these trends, making use of the forces made known by science.

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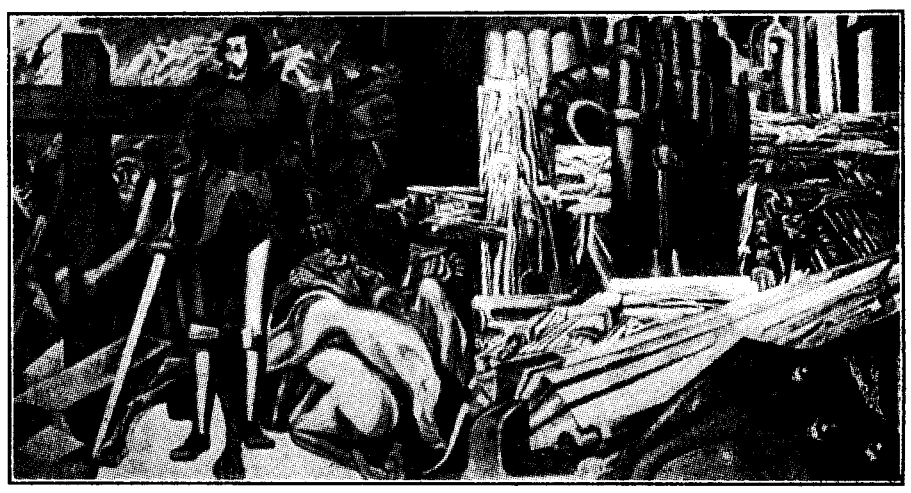
William F. Ogburn, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago, was a member of President Hoover's committee on social change.



THE GENESIS OF THE MACHINE
Two panels from José Clemente Orozco's frescoes at Dartmouth College—from "Technics and Civilization."

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

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"We Do Our Part"??

Good readers who remember H. G. Wells's "Men Like Gods" will recall the discouraged sub-editor of a Liberal weekly who was so weary of the spiritual dyspepsia of his chief, named, most appropriately, Peeve, and so sunk in the lassitude of those who keep talking of the decline of civilization without doing anything about it, that only being blown into a fourth dimension could restore him to virility. Intellectuals of that kind by no means expired with the Distracted Twenties, and perhaps their continuing futility is responsible for the talk of "the poison of liberalism," on the lips of Dictators' parasites and apostles of autocracy who would like nothing better than to have liberalism stay merely peevish indefinitely.

Peevishness does seem an intellectualist's trait. Every editor of every magazine that has tried to lift its standards of criticism or creative art to levels which the intellectuals should approve, could testify to the sad fact that his severest criticism and his weakest support has come from such quarters. The list of worthy critical journals (without mentioning others) that have died in this country because their natural supporters have been more willing to criticize than to pay their fare, is portentous. Librarians think that a critical magazine, such as the *Saturday Review*, should be edited with that particular regard for conciseness in a survey of everything printed which the librarian needs in his business; scholars desire ample reviews of specialists' books and are annoyed by mention of anything popular; poets wish pages of poetry and criticism of poetry; essayists and writers of fiction a wide representation of belles lettres and away with such dull matters as finance and politics; economists ask for leading articles on the wage structure; sociologists care for nothing that lacks an obvious and current significance; and there is no scientist, man of letters, or practitioner of the fine arts who is not willing to construct a magazine of real criticism, of really important information, or really significant emphasis, on a week's notice.

But who supports the magazines which they are all so eager to criticize? Not the specialist, not the intellectual, not the artist—their names are few and far between on the subscription lists of journals intended to represent quality in our civilization, although it must be admitted that the names that do appear are of the best. The hundreds of thousands of professional intellectuals in our universities, schools, foundations, literary circles, art and music groups, churches, are, as every magazine knows, the most barren field for circulation managers. Nor can the cause be said to be economic, when one considers that only a few cents a day is the consideration.

No, it is the intelligent general reader who supports our intellectual journals as it is the intelligent but not specialized citizen who supports (with more reason) our private educational system. He pays, while the others criticize. And it is his interests that deserve a consideration which specialists, each clamoring for their own wares, will not allow.

What causes this negativism in the intellectual mind? Have we who profess to be critics, scholars, artists, been pampered by an economic system that has felt us to be a luxury, until, like spoiled children whose pride has been hurt, we demand that even the luxury of self-expression for ourselves shall be paid for by others? Or is it the vanity of the intellectualist mind, which results in a refusal to play any game where we cannot make the rules, and an overmastering desire to attack our friends? One longs sometimes for the bad old days when intellectualism was a party, not an opinion and Tory criticism could count on the support of all men who thought themselves like minded.

The Saturday Review has been more fortunate than other journals which in the past have tried to appeal to those whose excuse for living is the importance of the imagination and the mind. Hence this attack upon the irresponsibility of our intellectuals is written out of fairness, not bitterness; is not an appeal, but a warning. When the sub-editor Barnstaple had sniffed the Utopian air, he was blown back through dimensional space into England, a more positive man, ready to cut loose from peevishness, and support, as well as talk about, his principles. We need a blast of that extra-dimensional ozone.

Senatorial Misconceptions

Public misconceptions about the book business are strikingly exemplified in the statement of Senator Schall of Minnesota, reported in the *New York Sun* of April 13, 1934, from which we quote:

> "The President," said Senator Schall, "has very obligingly contributed, to our further dismay, a new book entitled 'On Our Way'—just where he fails to say. The public interest in this matter is in the amount of royalties paid to the author just as much as it is in the salaries and royalties paid to presidents of our industrial corporations.
>
> "Mr. Roosevelt's first book, on his assumption to the Presidency, was sold at $5 a copy. An author with such publicity as he should receive a 40 per cent royalty. Some one has said that 500,000 copies were sold. In this case did the author receive a royalty of $1,000,000 which with his salary of $75,000 would be more than any of the salaries and royalties received by the other persons he has exposed."

Hearsay evidence has seldom led to a more fantastic statement. The President's first book, "Looking Forward," was published at $2.50. As to the sales figures and the royalty percentage quoted by the Senator, inquiries in authoritative publishing circles reveal that the publishers have not sold over 50,000 copies of "Looking Forward," and that the royalty was not over fifteen per cent. (One has only to refer to the Cheney Survey to see that percentages much above this are prohibitive.) Under these circumstances the maximum amount of royalties has been $18,750.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

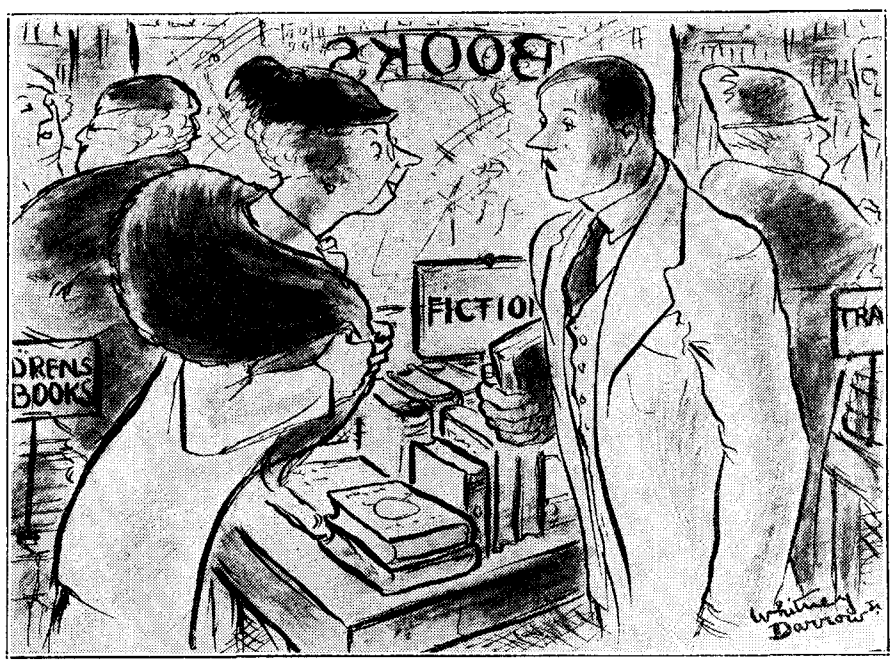
A BACKWARD GLANCE. By EDITH WHARTON. *Appleton-Century.* Reminiscences of a distinguished novelist.

JAMES SHORE'S DAUGHTER. By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT. *Doubleday, Doran.* The tale of a Yankee millionaire of the last era and his daughter.

MERCHANTS OF DEATH. By H. C. ENGELBRECHT and F. C. HANIGHEN. *Dodd, Mead.* Muckraking the arms industry.

This Less Recent Book:

EARTH HORIZON. By MARY AUSTIN. *Houghton Mifflin.* The autobiographical record of an adventurous career.



"I WANT TO SEE THE MOST UNEXPURGATED BOOK YOU'VE GOT."

To the Editor: *Mr. Chamberlain Replies; Dividends from Libraries*

Adam Smith as a Symbol

SIR:—Mr. Fabian Franklin, in his objections to my article, "Who Killed Adam Smith?", has, I feel, made a flank attack that in no wise answers any of the questions which I wanted to raise for discussion. To begin with, the article was not limited to a discussion of Adam Smith. I spoke of the thought of "Cobden, Adam Smith, and other formulators. . . ." It remains true that Smith was taken for the prophet he proved to be (temporarily) because of the conditions which I mentioned as making for England's industrial might. If there hadn't been iron and coal under the ground in the north of England, I doubt very much that the corn laws would ever have been repealed. In which case Adam Smith, instead of becoming a symbol, would have become a nonentity. Does Mr. Franklin hold that ideas can exist apart from material circumstances? Does he deny my right to use Adam Smith symbolically (which I did, following Clark Foreman)? If he does, he certainly cuts the ground from under scores of economists who think as he does, and who are always using the name of Adam Smith to symbolize a movement in economic thought that stretches over a hundred and fifty-year period.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

New York City.

Balancing the Account

SIR:—In view of the present high taxes, "The Plight of the Libraries," described by Carl H. Milam in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for March 17, seems at first glance a matter purely of social rather than economic concern.

The economic aspect of the situation, however, is one to consider. The major portion of the tax burden for current expenses goes for relief and for maintenance of thousands of human liabilities such as the sick poor and the insane.

The small amount spent on public libraries tends in countless ways to conserve and strengthen the state's human assets. Courage, stability, independence are being fostered in thousands of public library readers, according to reports made to librarians in many parts of the country. Such qualities are no mean assets, economically speaking, when their possessors make light rather than heavy demands upon society's income.

A Swedish nurse in Cleveland, for example, unemployed for a long time, watched her small savings dwindle but kept adjusting to conditions. She had always found her greatest enjoyment in books. Then her few savings were tied up entirely by the bank situation, and she could not see how she was going to adjust further. She gave up her reading and was losing her hold entirely when she found "Why We Do Not Behave Like Human Beings," an article by Ralph Adams Cram in the *American Mercury*.

What caught her eye and interested her was the statement "We do not behave like human beings because most of us do not fall within that classification." She began to investigate herself through books on psychology and found relaxation and stimulus in them.

Psychology—a subject one would ordinarily avoid as a suggestion for a person in her condition—has continued to help her to carry on. She can forget herself in that as in nothing else. "Incidentally," she points out, "all I am learning is grist for my work when I get a case again."

In another instance, a machine-shop worker wanted "jacking up" and the readers' adviser in his public library persuaded him to take an interest in the out-of-doors. With a list of books and a list of interesting places to roam around he set out. Later he came back for a course on gardening and now lives on the outskirts of the city.

From a purely dollar and cents standpoint, is not an institution which is aiding such people—in addition to working with children, inventors, housewives, scholars, and business men who come to it daily for assistance—tending not only to balance its account but also to pay dividends to the community from which it obtains its support?

BEATRICE SAWYER ROSSELL.

Chicago, Ill.

Might Be Worse

SIR:—Being very sympathetic with Mr. Milam whose article on the plight of libraries should distress all of us, I should like very much to offer him the poor consolation—"It might be worse." If he is ever driven to melancholia because of the state of our libraries, I hope he will come to London, and try to use the Kensington Public Library. There's no use telling him about it. It must be seen.

MARGARET DE HEUSTAUMONT.

London.

"Arrogant but Pungent"

SIR: As the editor of a literary review you, no doubt, receive requests for advice from budding young critics both male and female. I should like to bring to your attention the following counsels given by W. B. Yeats many years ago to a young woman starting to write criticism. (1) Make yourself an authority on every branch of literature you write about; write about nothing which you do not know thoroughly. (2) It is advisable to adopt a masculine name, then if you are authoritative you will be called profound; but if you write authoritatively under a woman's name you may be called arrogant. These counsels were recalled to me when I read a comment by a male reviewer on three contributions of mine in "Designed for Reading," to the effect that I was arrogant but pungent. In the contributions referred to I defy anybody to find a grain of arrogance or half a grain of pungency. But the contributions were authoritative, for I had taken every sort of pains to make them so. However, if any young woman critic should persist in writing under her own name, I can assure her that if she is both interesting and authoritative, she is sure to get recognition from the first-rate men not only in criticism but in all branches of literature.

MARY M. COLUM.

New York City.

Song of a Manuscript

SIR:—O, this life is a funny scheme:
You put a stamp upon a Dream,
Sealed up within an envelope,
And drop it in a box with Hope.
You fret when mail is overdue
And watch for whistling Fate in blue!

DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS.

Pasadena, Cal.

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Days of Our Grandeur

JAMES SHORE'S DAUGHTER. By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Doubleday Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by Theodore Purdy, Jr.

IT would be difficult to fix the exact point in the nation's history at which Americans began to feel a conscious sense of Empire. Probably the first settlers brought with them the seeds of American imperialism when they arrived to conquer the Indians. In any case, the end of the last century saw it definitely established as a political and economic force, and from then until 1929, aided in its later stages by the profits of the war, our material prosperity was so clearly manifest that to have lacked faith in the future would have been not merely unpatriotic but against the facts. Americans lived during this half century or so in a

DRAWING BY EDWARD A. WILSON
From "James Shore's Daughter."

generous and expanding world, under the favorable signs of our "Manifest Destiny."

Mr. Benét writes of such Americans in "James Shore's Daughter," whether they are the expatriate Grants returning to New York, or the newly rich Shores "doing" Europe in fitting style. His pictures of their life have a double charm for us now—that of illuminating a period which, in its earlier phases at least, we are just beginning to see in proper perspective, and also the more immediate interest of contrasting with its comfortable sense of progress the uncertainties of the new era which, we somewhat reluctantly perceive, is to follow it. There have, of course, been other brilliant fictional historians of these days of our grandeur, and from the most notable of them, such as Howells, Henry James, and Edith Wharton, Mr. Benét has learned much. His methods are less painstaking, more elliptical than theirs, but the result gives us as much of the authentic color and life of New York at the century's end as their novels did. He is even more successful in animating his people, in spite of a designedly inconclusive and vague plot which never culminates in active drama. The clarity of the author's vision and the quality of his prose—worthy of the poet of "John Brown's Body"—combine to make this his best novel.

Above all it does not take itself too seriously. There is no attempt to paint a grandiose fresco of American life, nor in the portions devoted to Americans abroad to analyze too minutely, as Henry James sometimes did, the exact reactions and petty self-consciousness of our compatriots when confronted by Europe. Instead, in the form of loosely knit reminiscences, Gareth Grant tells of his admiration for the mining Titan, James Shore, and of his frustrated romance with his statuesque daughter. In this way the period and characters are more truly recreated than they could have been by an endless amount of research and solemnity.

As for the ending of the dream, when James Shore is dead and his empire, in other hands, is submerged in the depression, Grant goes to the mining camp from which the Shores had sprung to begin their Saga. He and a young engineer speak of the past, and of the period that is ending. "You mean it's better dead?" questions the engineer, and adds, "Well, you might be right." Mr. Benét, fittingly, ends his admirable book on this unresolved note, but before he does so he has given us something of the essence of those years.

Naked Souls

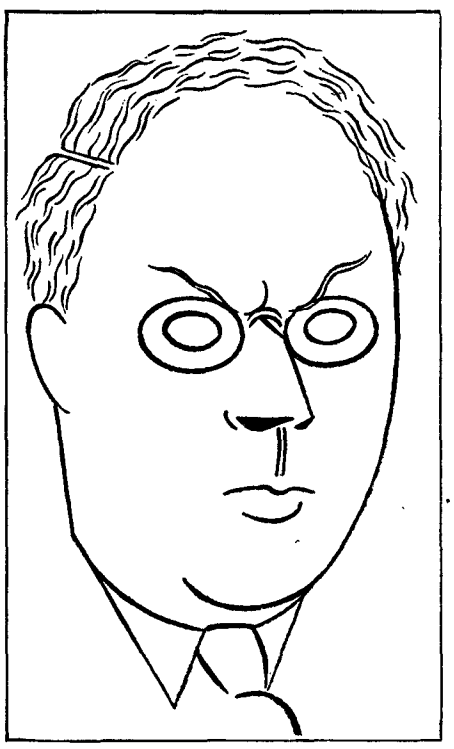
AMONG THE LOST PEOPLE. By Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.25.

Reviewed by Currie Cabot

IT is always a pleasure to read a new book of short stories by Conrad Aiken. He is one of those authors who, once discovered, must be explored to the fullest possible extent;—if one has a taste for his writing it becomes a kind of necessity to read every word he has written. When he tells a story he exerts a spell, for some particular quality of his mind and style steeps his world in magic, in an atmosphere intenser, sharper, deeper than reality. Moreover to read his work is to come in contact with a personality.

He is, most exquisitely, a specialist in personal relationships, and in his pages it is possible to find answers to the speculations and curiosities that in life usually remain unresolved, unanswered. He perceives the invisible filaments that connect a mind with other minds, and we too, looking through his glass, grow aware of them. Such a story as "No, No, Go Not to Lethe" beautifully illustrates Mr. Aiken's apprehension of the tiny shades of mood that can so appallingly influence human contacts.

Mr. Aiken is deft in the rendering of mood. His style bends with suppleness to the least pressure of his mind, conveying very simply the strange and unusual things he has to say, and his special sense of the richness and complexity of life. There is a dream-like quality in certain of the stories, in "Silent Snow, Secret Snow," for instance, where the child's mind turns more and more in upon itself, obsessed by its secret life of fantasy; in "Gehenna," a mental soliloquy; in "Mr. Arcularis," an extraordinary story in which the malaise of an ill man and the slow, steady throb of a ship's engine combine to produce a most singular, an almost physical effect of misery upon the reader. In all the stories Mr. Aiken



CONRAD AIKEN
Caricature by Eva Herrmann, from "On Parade" (Coward-McCann).

probes the minds and emotions of his characters.

They are admirable subjects for experimentation, these people of his, for most of them exist in independence of the usual ties and conventions, with responsibilities only towards themselves. Yet they are curiously frustrated, profoundly and uneasily aware of the limitations of mortality. In comparison with their world, a world of convention seems a comfortable place.

The Puritans Capture Eden

THE LORD'S ANOINTED. By Ruth Eleanor McKee. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

HERE is a real novel about Hawaii at last, and if it has its faults as a novel, it is certainly the book to read for voyagers in that island direction. For Miss McKee has gone back of the jazz-and-beach Hawaii, the Hawaii of pineapples and mixed labor, of millionaires, loafers, and tourists, to the heroic age of discovery and racial adjustment. Her epic theme is the story of that band of missionaries that sailed from Boston in 1819 to bring light and leading to the Sandwich islanders. Heroic they were, but heroic with a very puritanic accent. Hard, devoted men, hard, devoted women, most of them brides and grooms married for convenience so that they could missionarize together, exiling themselves voluntarily for the sake of Calvinism, but with a few individuals with beauty and warm human nature which made their trip around the Horn a comedy of mingled pettiness, ascetic heroism, and romance. The irruption upon the easy-girdled Pacific of this band of tight-lipped martyrs, the incongruities of New England asceticism and moralism set like a knobby boulder in the Garden of Eden, the sour nobility of some of these pioneers, the yielding humanism of others, are well depicted and based upon a sufficient stratum of fact.

So much of the novel is excellent; but the author's Galsworthian scheme of seeing later Hawaiian history through the eyes of the most human and most long-lived of the group is not so happily executed. Hawaiian domestic history—white folks learning to live in the tropics, natives sinking into easy squalor from easy brutality and easier happiness, under the moral attacks of a superior culture—is faithfully outlined; but there is too much history and too little character. The heroic band drops out—the heroic years when they fortified the islands against a predatory world by their own moral vigor are passed over hurriedly. The book becomes a family story, a social story, and the promise of its epic beginning is not kept. One guesses that the defect is in the author's imagination. She is too bitterly anti-puritan to do the harsh Binghams and the rest justice. She is more interested in damning than in dramatizing, and her novel becomes a plea for common sense when it might have been a saga of noble if rather pallid fanaticism.

Nevertheless this is a novel above the average in its content and well worth reading even if you are not going to Hawaii. It is the beginning perhaps of a new realistic literature of America over seas to the Westward.

Echoes of Events

KALEIDOSCOPE. By Stefan Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $3.

IN these stories our attention is focussed upon moments of vital transformation. Zweig's method is analogous to that familiar chemical process in which a supersaturated solution is finally precipitated. The decisive grain of solid, the shake of the test-tube, and suddenly the liquid disgorges its crystals. It is so with the people in Zweig's stories.

These are subterranean histories. Not the event matters most but its psychological echoings. To an immature boy comes the shattering impact of knowledge. To a man sated with life comes the impulsion toward spiritual renascence. A bibliophile is torn from his shelter of books. An inarticulate peasant girl blossoms at a chance contact. These, "The Burning Secret," "Transfiguration," "Buchmendel," and "Leporella," are the most sucessful stories. One or two betray the inherent dangers of the psychological approach: an occasional stale imagery, and an overdrawn story which, as in "Moonbeam Alley," leaves us with an embarrassing residue of melodrama. These are slight lapses in a book wholly distinguished for sensitiveness and penetration.

JULIAN GREEN
Drawing by Bertrand Zadig.

Of Desire and Death

THE DREAMER. By Julian Green. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

JULIAN GREEN is the most unusual and richly endowed of our American expatriates. Not only does he write in French, but he thinks in French as well. He has mastered the Gallic style, the precision of expression, the sensitive intellectualism, the philosophic power. Together with Mauriac, Maurois, and Gide, he is furthering the development of the French novel of psychology, which found its master in Proust. Modern French writing is based upon that philosophic dualism of mind and body which is so vigorously rejected by our contemporary writers, from Hemingway to Caldwell. Mind, for them, is merely the sound made by the clicking of successive conditioned reflexes. Their characters dance to the tune, like puppets upon strings. To pass from their books to those of Julian Green is to pass from a hard, bright surface into a many-dimensioned, subtler universe. The very titles of his books, "The Closed Garden," "The Dark Journey," "The Strange River," are allegorical representations of the work to which he has dedicated himself, the probing of those secret recesses of the human mind of which the literary monist can take no account.

"The Dreamer" is in many respects his most ambitious and his best work. In it we are once more made aware of the dual worlds of mind and body, that exist side by side. Further, we are brought to that delicate point of juncture, and behold the veil between lifting. The worlds blend, and interchange. Which is the reality? Which the idea? It is the central problem of Green's novels.

The Dreamer is Manuel, a young man whose life is made up of discordant and oppressive elements. He is tyrannized over by his employer, despised by his aunt, pitied by his pretty cousin. Desperation and sensitiveness sharpen his mind until it becomes an instrument of escape and cuts a way for him out of solid reality. "The illusions of desire and of death," at first the sources of his misery, are at last the liberating wings that carry him to an imagined world, a fancied castle. He writes of his "life" there, setting down every detail of it. It is in the presentation of this existence that Mr. Green employs his finest craftsmanship. The atmosphere is heavy, tangible, seeming to carry the echoes of thoughts. People move and speak in a stark, unearthly manner, devoid of earthly motivation, animated only by desire and by death, here expanded to governing realities that fill the walls.

This book was a difficult project. Only a consummate talent could have carried it through. To avoid a superfluity of psychological detail, to create the perfect balance between idea and reality, and to shift it so delicately that confusion and identity are, for more than a hundred marvelous pages, plausible,—these were the problems Mr. Green met and solved. "The Dreamer" demonstrates decisively that which his other books have already made evident, that Julian Green is an artist, with greatness in him.

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The Life and Art of Edith Wharton

A BACKWARD GLANCE. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MRS. WHARTON'S remembered yesterdays, despite the long agony of war which interrupted their even tenor, and for all that of recent years death has been levying its toll upon her friendships, are by and large the recollections of a singularly happy life. Born to wealth and position in the New York of the sixties, her existence was from the beginning laid in pleasant places. New York, Newport, Rome, parents who entertained and were entertained constantly and who upheld the standards of good manners, good education, and good speech insistently, friends blessed like herself by kind fortune, books, the country, and foreign travel: these filled her early years. At a tender age Edith Wharton might have been observed assiduously reading aloud —but reading aloud from a book held upside down and illegible to her ignorance the while she fluently made up stories never written on its pages. Only a few years more, and, in all the maturity of eleven, she had embarked upon her first novel, and had discovered the delights of her father's library. Already the future writer was born, and that passion for reading as well as writing which runs all through her book like a refrain was to the fore.

From out the pages of her volume start a host of sharply drawn figures, her parents and grandparents, her childhood playmates, the companions of her youth and her young married life, the friends and acquaintances of the later years.

A goodly galaxy of the great and prominent it is that sheds lustre on her chronicle. Here are the aged Thomas Hardy, with little interest in any of the literary movements of his day, "entirely enclosed in his own creative dream," Henry James, in the earlier days of a long and intimate friendship, "the bearded Penseroso of Sargent's delicate drawing," and in the later grown to voluminous proportions, exchanging spruceness of appearance for comfort, and only spasmodically interested in dress; George Moore, "who hated and envied James, and missed no chance to belittle and sneer at him"; Meredith, white-haired, deaf, and covering up his deafness by pouring out a stream of conversation, the Comtesse de Fitz-James, who cared little for literature and knew less of it and had the most brilliant salon in Paris; Howard Sturgis, Geoffrey Scott, Jusserand, Theodore Roosevelt, and many others. It is Henry James, however, who holds the center of the stage, Henry James, welcoming his friend to his home, and going each time on her arrival through the ritual of kissing her twice when they reached a certain rug in the hall, Henry James on a visit to America and the country home of Mrs. Wharton in the Berkshires, so desperately uncomfortable because of the heat that the entire house party had perforce to motor without ceasing from morning to night, Henry James discoursing on literature and life, and finally Henry James dying a slow and harrowing death.

EDITH WHARTON IN 1884

Though personalities take up the greater part of her chronicle, inevitably much stress goes on the craft of writing and Mrs. Wharton's own relation to her work and her art. Woven into the very warp and woof of her reminiscences is the passion for creation. In one of the most interesting, as it is from the literary point of view, one of the most illuminating chapters in her book, "The Secret Garden," Mrs. Wharton sets forth the processes of her art, "the growth and unfolding of the plants in my secret garden from the seed to the shrub-top." A fascinating record it is—this of the characters which spring full panoplied to her mind clamoring for a story to bring them to life. It is these sidelights on her art which give to a volume of picturesque recollections a significance beyond the memories they unfold.

Prelude to Revolution

(*Continued from first page*)

mina, the session was a stormy one, and the chairwoman had all she could do to maintain order. When it was definitely seen that the Femina was going to M. Fernandez, the Mazeline faction concentrated their efforts on the Goncourt. In that quarter, meanwhile, for the past fortnight, sentiment had quietly been growing for Céline. M. Leon Daudet, among others, was reported to be for the latter, and a majority of votes seemed promised. By the time the Goncourt Academicians came to sit down to their soup, however, the situation had mysteriously altered; and while no one knows just what did happen behind closed doors, it later became obvious, from the recriminations of M. Descaves and others, that a number of the members had changed their minds at the last minute. M. Céline's adherents, in the interim, were waiting; and when they learned from M. Descaves what had occurred at the Goncourt luncheon, they lost no time in swinging to their favorite the Prix Théophraste-Rénaudot, which is primarily a journalistic prize.

There was not much fuss made over "Journey to the End of the Night" for some little time. Reviews there were, but most of them were rather perfunctory, leading one often to wonder if the book would have been noticed at all, had it not been a prize-winner.

Then public interest began to grow, rolling up like a ball, ever bigger and bigger, very much as had happened in the case of Joyce's "Ulysses." While his own countrymen were fighting over him, as they soon were, other nations began to sit up and import copies of M. Céline's novel, until today, "Voyage au Bout de la Nuit" is perhaps the most discussed work of fiction in Europe; it ought to be, if it isn't; this reviewer can think of no other recent one which for sheer excitingness —apart from any final esthetic judgment to be passed upon the book—can begin to compare with it. There are some who see in it the first sign of life in French literature for the past ten years. French writing was growing duller and duller and, to all appearances, more and more placid and self-satisfied; it was succumbing to that ever-present peril, the national superiority complex. Now that those mad after-the-war youngsters had had their fling and the Dada-Surrealist spree was over, one could go back contentedly—and how contentedly!—to talking of "clarity," "measure," "order," "proportion," "good sense,"—all those qualities of which, as every one knows, the French have always possessed a heaven-given monopoly.

And then came the "bombshell." Came a book that blew the well known "*clarté*," "*mesure*," and all the rest higher than the proverbial kite. Here, for one thing, was a volume of more than six hundred closely packed pages in which the language of the *petit peuple*, French as it is spoken in the street and tram and metro, in vocabulary and in syntax, was employed in place of that rigid idiom which the Academy prescribes; and employed, not merely in conversational passages, but as the story-teller's medium. (It is safe to wager that nine out of ten non-French French teachers in America would be unable to make head or tail out of the original, while the French-born ones would be terribly shocked, linguistically as well as morally.) It should be noted, while M. Céline makes use of the popular speech, he succeeds in extracting from it a certain high and tragic effect that lifts it above everyday life.

LOUIS-FERDINAND CÉLINE

"Journey to the End of the Night," however, cut a good deal deeper than this. It was a good deal more than a matter of language. The very modes of Gallic thinking were overturned, turned inside out, and shaken over an impassioned lyric dustbin. Here at last was a Frenchman telling the truth, not alone about life and the world in general, not simply about himself, but about his country, his people. For an Anglo-Saxon, an Englishman or an American, this would not be so startling; he is as likely as not to be "agin the government"; but with a Frenchman, the case is different—read any book, by a Frenchman, on French civilization! Never before had racial and national truth-telling been carried to such an extent as this.

It was, to repeat, more than a matter of language. "Journey to the End of the Night" is one of the most tumultuous books ever written in any language; and tumult is not precisely one of the characteristics of French prose or poetry. It is, in any event, unique in this respect since Rabelais, or since the much smaller-scale "Ubu Roi" which the late Alfred Jarry tossed off more than thirty years ago; but where Rabelais and Jarry were funny, even if perhaps tragic in their mirth, Céline is bitterly despairing of human kind and human destiny—the reverse side of the Rabelaisian rapier. His is perhaps the most hate-filled novel ever written; Job or Schopenhauer hardly could have done a better job. From this point of view it reminds one of "Ulysses," although lacking, save in spots, in the sad Joycean humor. It suggests, too, in its tumult and its bitterness, Richard Aldington's "Death of a Hero." In its more superficial moments—they are only moments—it shaves off into the facile, perfunctory sneer, in Mr. Ben Hecht's juvenile and unconvincing manner.

"Fed up with muck and misery," the author is determined to be the *enfant terrible* and "spit the thing out in front of everybody."—"I'll spill it all one day," his hero boasts.

> When our time is up, we people mustn't bear malice, but neither must we forget; we must tell the whole thing, without altering one word—everything that we have seen of man's viciousness; and then it will be over and time to go; that is enough of a job for a whole lifetime.

With the ambitious project above outlined, M. Céline starts out by throwing his hero into the war, at the beginning of the struggle, in 1914. We are given a few chapters that stand out like etchings, and which tell us all that the most long-winded war novelist has to say. War is, quite simply, one "horrible chicanery." Ferdinand (the hero's name) is not to be taken in by the "*sale âme héroïque*," the dubious poetry of heroism. Bravery, dying, is a matter of the imagination or the lack of it. War and disease are the twin expressions of the "sub-man." Cowardice is frequently only another name for salvation, and fear the means of getting "out of a hole." Moreover, Ferdinand has his own war to wage; every one has his own war. One thing war does to you: it disillusions you of sentimentality, of "heart." The only course to take, accordingly, is to refuse it. Life is the important thing.

Ferdinand tries to refuse war, not very successfully. He lands in a psychiatric ward. After being labored over and prayed over, he is finally discharged as a downright no-good so far as his country is concerned, and takes ship for French Africa and afterwards for America, where he has numerous intimate adventures.

The scene next shifts to one of those unspeakably dingy and depressing Parisian suburbs, with Ferdinand a penniless doctor. His profession fails to save him, and he gets into one scrape after another, becoming in the end indirectly involved in the brutal murder of an aged woman. The tale ends with his becoming involved in another murder.

Such is the plot in crude outline; but the outline means little. There is plenty of drama in the story, plenty of suspense. There is humor now and then, especially in the American episodes. Humor, however, is not the book's strong point; the author is not out for that. The action is swift-paced on the whole, and the story, while it may become a trifle tiring from its length, is never boring.

The moral seems to be, that life is a mess of "pork and beans." Travel is no way out; one escapes from nothing, as Montherlant found. The pursuing specter is "*l'ennui criminel des hommes*" (a phrase which the translator skips). The stunt is, to get out of it, one way or another, any way one can.

There will be some, no doubt, who will find all this youthful and naïve, not to say obvious, too youthfully naïve for a man of thirty-seven. They are to be reminded that it is quite unfair to pass a final opinion on this particular book without knowing it in the original. A vast deal of its power is lost in English. It is all but untranslatable. I am not sure that it is not untranslatable. Mr. Marks has striven faithfully and valiantly, but it doesn't come off. He makes few if any errors, but his rendering is lifeless; it entirely fails to catch either the verbal richness or the delicate and difficult rhythm of the French. There are a number of expurgations.

M. André Maurois, I believe it is, has said something of Céline's employment of the interior monologue, and has spoken of Joyce in this connection. There is, it true, some affinity in technique; but if this is the interior monologue, it is not the one that Du Jardin invented and which the author of "Ulysses" confesses that he adopted from him. This is not the uninterrupted flow of the subconscious; it is, rather, the feeling, the mood of the interior monologue adapted to what in the past has been known as realism, by way of affording a new brand of the latter. There is something of the fanciful Joycean abandon in the American interlude, and there is one dream-passage toward the end which is nearer the Du Jardin model.

Whatever his technique, M. Céline has provided us, creatively, with a tremendous tract, not simply against a besotted and bedrugged humanity, but in behalf of the underdog of this tottering capitalistic world of ours, the poor man.

It takes a deal of words, if one is to "tell the whole thing,"—some 225,000 in this case. The author shrinks from no labor. Those 225,000 words are scarcely the half of it. They represent what was left after the trimming had been done; for the book originally ran to 50,000 manuscript pages!

It seems to me that "Journey to the End of the Night" might in a way be termed a Prelude to Revolution—or perhaps, better, a mournful overture to that suicidally irrational era, however transient it may prove to be, upon which the human race appears to be entering. It is written from the point of view of a confessedly sick man, a man who is more than a little mad—

> . . . . there are just ordinary madmen and there are madmen who're in agony over the set form of our civilization. . . .

War may be war, but the peace we know is a "malignant" one. Anyway, French "clarity" is still up in the air. . . .

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

ALWAYS curious about books used on the stage, I was wondering what the volumes might be which Frances Starr, as Charlotte Brontë in Dan Totheroh's "Moor Born," exhibits as the second edition of *Jane Eyre*. Mr. Alfred Goldsmith, the meticulous bookseller, lent the production three volumes which in shape, size, and color would adequately suggest the required edition. They are:—

A Bird's-eye View of American History, by Leon C. Prince (Scribner's).

One volume of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*.

And Jerome K. Jerome's *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*.

* *

In E. M. Forster's memoir of G. Lowes Dickinson I find a curious and interesting little passage which I submit for meditation. Forster is speaking of Dickinson's uncertainty, after graduating from Cambridge, in finding a career:—

> If he held aloof from ordinary people, how could he help them, and if he threw himself into their lives, should he not become like ordinary people? Here he was definite, and he remained, in this sense, an aristocrat to the end. To abandon culture and blunt sensitiveness in the hope of breaking down barriers always semed to him a desperate expedient. He solved this particular problem in later life by developing the power of entering into other people's positions while he retained his own, but it is impossible for a young man to have this power: he must either abandon himself or hold aloof, and consequently there is a slight touch of arrogance in his dealings with average humanity which does not wear off until he has visited and endured America.

WINDOW-SHOPPING
Photograph by Robert Disraeli

* *

I hope I'm not taking unfair advantage of Messrs. Harcourt Brace in quoting again from Forster's memoir of Dickinson, which they are going to publish presently. But I can't resist this passage since I also once received several of G. L. D's riotously typewritten letters. No one who ever saw his handwriting or typescript ever forgot them. Mr. Forster says of the later letters:—

> Many of them are written to the young, so that they show what he signified when he was in his sixties to correspondents who were still in their twenties and thirties. Their manners are perfect. They don't condescend or chirrup or instruct, nor have they that uneasy ingratiating note which spoils the communications of many well-meaning old men.
>
> They are typed; and the typing is even more remarkable than the handwriting which it superseded. He is said to be the only man who could make a Corona type upside down. He struck the keys rapidly and violently, thinking of what he thought and not of what he did, with the result that he doubled lines, halved them, threw capitals in the air, buried numerals in the earth, broke out into orgies of ?????? or %%%%%%, and hammered his ribbon to shreds. George becomes 'Geroge', Gerald 'Gerlad', perhaps 'perhpas', and there are even happier transformations such as husband into 'humsband', and soul into 'soup'. A semicolon in the middle of a word means 'l'. When the page was finished he had by no means done with it. He seized his pen and frantically coursed to and fro, correcting, connecting, obscuring, exclaiming 'oh dear!' or 'damn' in the margin. So charming was the result that his friends could scarcely believe it was unintentional.

* * *

NAPOLEON BRANDY

SIR:—May I enter an earnest remonstrance against your statement in the Bowling Green that a genuine 1811 brandy would not be worth drinking, and at Julian Street's saying, and your quoting him to the effect that "Napoleon" brandy is in the class with Sparkling Burgundy? I entertain no doubt that 99.44 per cent of all "Napoleon" brandy is spurious, and I have little more doubt that some 1811 brandy is not worth drinking. But your condemnation is too sweeping, for I recall with tenderness, not a mere parvenu of Napoleon's day, but a brandy of 1785 which I consumed at the Tour d'Argent, whose certificates of genuineness I should rate as at least as high as that of the Bank of England. You will doubtless recall the merger between its gorgeous cellar and the equally gorgeous one of the Café Anglais, effected with truly Gallic simplicity and effectiveness by marrying the daughter of the one to the son of the other.

As to Mr. Street's declaration, if he meant no more than that a fake "Napoleon" brandy and a genuine Sparkling Burgundy are alike terrible, I quite agree; but my cavil is as to their being put in the same class. The one, while spurious, at the least reflects an aspiration; the other, while genuine, achieves a debasement.

Since most of the oldsters have forgotten their learning on these subjects and since most of the youngsters have never acquired any, it seems important, at this turning-point in the life of the Republic, that those who know should dispense only precise and accurate information.

R. B. T.

Richmond, Va.

* *

I'm sorry I spoke with such dull timidity about *Designed for Reading*, that anthology (Macmillan) of pieces from the *Saturday Review* during its first ten years. I suppose I thought because my name was mentioned as one of the editors, I ought to be mannerly. But later I sat down and spent an evening with it; and since I had little to do with choosing the contents I don't see why I shouldn't ring a few Treble Bob Majors. I'd forgotten—and so I dare say had everyone else—what a lot of superb stuff this magazine has printed.

What an evening indeed—not the sort of reading to be done slacked down in cushions, but set on a hard chair at a table with pencil handy—the way the best reading is done, alert, combative, fit to argue and consider. What comic and queer company under the lamplight. David Garnett describes D. H. Lawrence pressing his hands on his "solar plexus" and mumbling "I don't feel it here" in a discussion of Darwinism. Paul Elmer More reads T. S. Eliot's poems aloud to friends and records their bewilderment. Chris Ward parodies O'Neill. Rex Tugwell—back in 1929, long before the era when F. D. R. might say *Ego et Rex Meus*—wonders whether there is any place for women in "the new world we are making." J. W. Krutch points out—in a noble tribute to Jane Austen—that the inner purpose of art is to make life stand still long enough to be looked at. H. M. Tomlinson tells us of an evening spent with Hardy not long before the old man died—and of the asininity of the reviewers of Conrad. Carl Rollins bursts out, as must every genuine lover of books, in disdain of collectors' volumes described as "mint condition." Conspuez mint condition! A book hasn't been born until it has been read and loved and marked.

Yes, a good evening. Mary Colum gives us a queer tingle along the chine when she remembers a "pleasantly bearded gentleman" in a jaunting car in Ireland, who was once Charlotte Brontë's husband. Stella Benson—who might herself have been one of the Brontës—tells us one of her dreams—"rarefied and exciting," she called it; and wasn't she herself. Lee Dodd, bless him, also shared one of his dreams with us, and ingeniously analyzed it in his quiet platinum humor. Or do you want something more on the alkaline side? Leonard Bacon lays a barrel stave across some famous bottoms in his *New Dunciad;* Elmer Davis cries for more Sales Resistance (that was in 1927; we got it, all right) and catches Bruce Barton bending. Bill Benét eats a hot dog at the Statue of Liberty—O. W. Firkins, one of the wisest minds of our time, argues with the Editor on the qualities of civilized thought—Jack Haldane takes an experimental dose of calcium chloride and "dreamt that Edward Lear had written and illustrated a life of Christ. . . . The only detail which remains clearly in my memory is Pontius Pilate's moustache."

Is it poetry you were needing under the lamplight?—Elinor Wylie's Hymn to Earth—"Farewell, incomparable element." L. A. G. Strong's glorious microcosm *The Bride*—

> Death's wakeful foe from age to age
> In the great army of creation
> Enrols and takes her heritage—

Or perhaps close the session of sweet silent thought with the frantic laughter of Charley Edson's bat-breeding, belfry-rocking absurdity *The Ravin' of Piute Poet Poe*. Why doesn't Paul Elmer More try to read that one aloud?

These, of course, are only a few of that Night's Entertainments. The purple emu laid other eggs too, as Charley Bennett's fairy tale says. Publishers are douce conventional cattle, they'll probably give the impression that this is just another nice well-bred sort of textbook. It's better than that: it's full of ornery, pithy and questioning stuff. Perhaps one essence of artistic sincerity is to believe in what you're doing and not to be afraid to say so. *The Saturday Review* has a right to be proud of this book.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

And Thank You, Mr. Wodehouse!

THANK YOU, JEEVES! By P. G. Wodehouse. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

DURING the past winter the incomparable P. G. Wodehouse rose to a height unprecedented even for him. When his readers became clamorous in their demand for a novel about Jeeves, this author's prodigality of invention produced not one but two. These, the first full-length stories of his most popular character, recently achieved simultaneous publication in the *Cosmopolitan* and *The Saturday Evening Post*.

"Thank You, Jeeves!" is the one that ran in the *Cosmopolitan*. (The other is promised in book form for the fall.) There is no way of reviewing this book that makes sense. To the Wodehouse following, it only requires announcement. To the others, who have tried Wodehouse and found themselves wanting, one can only say that they don't know what they are missing. One cannot go further. To say that his latest book is his funniest is a bromide; his latest book is always his funniest. And Jeeves is funnier in a novel than in a short story, because there is more of it. Are there any questions?

Mary as Courtesan

QUEEN'S CAPRICE. By George Preedy. New York: Alfred H. King. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE authorship of this historical novel is a decidedly interesting mystery. A Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, one Margaret Gabrielle Long, daughter of Vere Douglas Campbell, was first married in 1912 to Don Zeffirino Emilio Costanzo and second, in 1917, to Arthur L. Long of Petersham, Surrey. I take this information from the English "Who's Who." Now it happens that under the pseudonym of "Marjorie Bowen," Mrs. Long began writing historical novels at an early age, and very good novels of their kind they were. Nearly sixty publications by Mrs. Long are listed in "Who's Who."

Second chapter. As recently as 1928 a certain amount of fuss began to be made over a novel called "General Crack," presumably written by an Englishman named George Preedy. The novel was followed by "The Rocklitz," "Bagatelle," and several other novels and plays. According again to the English "Who's Who," the full name of this writer is George Runnell Preedy, he was born at Hayling, Hampshire in 1888, he is of Scotch, Welsh, and English descent, he was educated privately in Paris, Rome, and London, he once seriously took up drawing and painting and later devoted attention to belles lettres and travel. His address is 7 Gray's Inn Place, London, W. C. 1, and his telephone is even given as Chancery 8729.

All I know is that the rumor has persisted that "Marjorie Bowen" is the author of "George Preedy's" novels and that both pseudonyms belong to the Mrs. Margaret Gabrielle Long heretofore referred to. A few years ago in London I endeavored to find out from his—or her—publisher the identity of George Preedy, but Mr. Allen Lane met me only with an enigmatic smile which told me nothing. It may be that George Preedy *is* George Preedy, after all, and that is that. Really, I rather hope so!

Well, whoever the author is, here is a new novel concerning Mary Queen of Scots—will they ever stop writing about her!—which is obviously the work of a practised writer of historical fiction. It contains what the "author believes to be the essence of the truth of the reign and character of Mary, Queen of Scotland." And I can imagine nobody but a woman writing it, because it seems to me that no one but a woman would be so hard on her own sex!

It is trite to say that most of the men who have written of Mary of Scotland—down to the most recent Mr. Maxwell Anderson—have in some degree or other been her champions. As a legendary figure, no one since Helen of Troy has aroused so much chivalry. Every pen has flashed from its scabbard to a shout of "The Queen," and somehow, like the heroine-worship of Helen of Sparta, and the other nice childish impulses of Man, I approve this attitude toward the sprightly and ardent Queen of a dour and forbidding land that has yet produced the most romantic ballad poetry of all time. So when "George Preedy" comes along with a highly colored and dramatic novel, based though it may be upon stern fact, which seems to prove conclusively that the Queen was fundamentally cold, hard of heart, and really no better than a gilded whore, I feel offended. Nevertheless, if you are making a dispassionate study of Mary, Queen of Scots, George Preedy's is a fiction that is not, as the author avers it is not, "a superficial fantasy." It is based on a study of all the original documents of a most vexed story. And it is well and vividly written.

But I myself prefer meditating upon the little poem Mary wrote in the cell of the condemned shortly before her execution. "It is doubtful," says Eric Linklater, "if groaning and sighing were ever before or since given such lyrical jollity." Ah, that was the mystery of Mary!

O Domine Deus, speravi in te!
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me!
In dura catena, in misera poena,
Languendo, gemendo, et genu flectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me.

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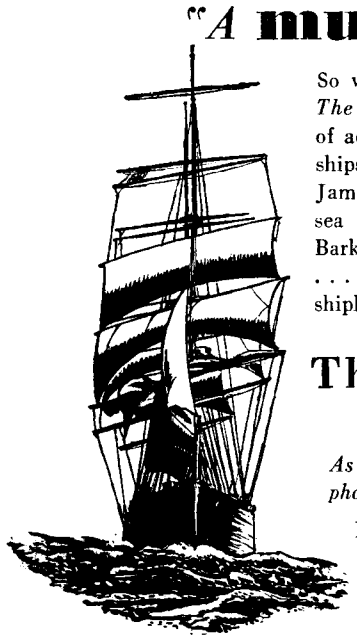

So writes Christopher Morley in *The Bowling Green* of *The Log of a Limejuicer*—the dramatic, first-hand narrative of adventure on the high seas in the latter years of sailing ships, told by the famous sailing ship master, Captain James P. Barker. "I don't know," adds Mr. Morley, "any sea narrative more moving or better told than Captain Barker's story of the 1905 voyage of the ship *British Isles*. . . . Not less than *Men Against the Sea*, this is a Must for shiploving readers."

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Freudian Doctrine

NEW INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Sigmund Freud. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.

Reviewed by FRANZ ALEXANDER

THIS "New Series of Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis," unlike the previous series, have never been delivered in a lecture room, but Freud prefers this form, in which he anticipates the reader's doubts, answers them, and proceeds in his argument to cover a steadily increasing territory. The first five chapters of the book contain a summary of observations, ideas, and theories which Freud has presented to psychoanalytic circles in his publications.

In his discussion of the dream theory Freud, we think, possibly underestimates the contributions made in the last fifteen years and clings too literally to the formulation that all dreams are wish-fulfilments. It seems to us that the more comprehensive formulation would be that every dream is an attempt to diminish or to eliminate sleep-disturbing stimuli; these stimuli may be physiological urges or unfulfilled, internally rejected wishes, but the disturbing stimulus may also be of a nature that can hardly be called a wish in the common sense. A guilty conscience that requires a certain amount of punishment in order to be placated may also disturb sleep. Dreams, therefore, may be hallucinations of punishment which relieve the need for actual punishment by satisfying the claims of conscience which only can be expiated by a certain amount of suffering. Here the dynamical impetus for the dream is not the repressed wish but the reaction to the repressed wish, the reaction of the censor.

In the chapter on "Anxiety and the Instinctual Life," the concepts presented differ from those in the original "Introductory Lectures." Formerly Freud considered neurotic anxiety (in contrast to rational anxiety, which is a reaction to a real danger) as a conversion product of the unrelieved, accumulated sexual libido. Neurotic or irrational anxiety is now regarded as a reaction of the ego to an internal danger, *i.e.*, to the demands of wishes and instinctive tendencies whose gratification would involve the individual in a painful situation. Such fear arises before we know of what we are afraid; as soon as an objectionable wish is mobilized, anxiety appears, which can only be averted by a flight reaction of the ego from the dangerous wish. This is repression. Freud believes that the physiological pattern for anxiety is represented in the first traumatic event of life, in birth, but he does not try to explain anxiety exclusively from this, believing also in its phylogenetic, inherited character.

An even more fundamental change has taken place in Freud's original concept of the instinctive life. Unquestionably the theory of the instincts, as Freud admits, is the most speculative portion of psychoanalytic theory. At the very beginning of his studies he was most impressed by the conflict of the self-preserving and race-preserving instincts, *i.e.*, between the egotistic interest of the individual and his sexual claims. However, further analysis of the so-called ego instincts, *i.e.*, the different manifestations of the selfish tendencies, has shown that not only love but even the sexual form of love can take one's own self as its object. Self-preservation and race-preservation, therefore, are not the manifestations of two different instinctive forces, but quite to the contrary, they are the manifestations of the same instinctive force which is a constructive tendency, in seeking to build up higher biological entities, a unifying force. Entirely opposite in its manifestations and fundamental tendency is the destructive or death instinct which tends to separate, to disrupt, biological units. The biological process of life consists in continuous manifestations of both of these fundamental forces in the form of anabolism and katabolism. Unquestionably this new instinct theory is in better harmony with the facts observed, even if its speculative nature cannot be denied.

The fifth chapter, on the psychology of women, deals with concepts which occasion some doubt and criticism among Freud's followers. There is no question of the universality of the masculine aspirations of the little girl, but they are closely paralleled by the female aspirations for passive receptive gratifications in the unconscious of the male. The ideology of our present civilization, according to which masculine qualities are more highly estimated, can explain to a very high degree why the female aspirations of men are more repressed than the masculine aspirations of woman. Our impression is that Freud's idea that the little boy and the little girl have a similar masculine attitude in the first six years cannot sustain the test of observation. This phenomenon of female tendencies in men, and of male tendencies in women, is undoubtedly based upon the fact of bisexuality, one of the pillars of Freud's concepts. It is questionable, however, whether one is justified in assuming a higher amount of bisexuality in women than in men.

In the last two chapters Freud speaks more generally, making it evident that his greatest hope for the future lies in the application of psychoanalysis to the child both as a therapy and as a guide for developing sound educational principles.

In his final chapter, Freud cannot escape the fate of most of the great scientists, that of becoming also a philosopher. Although he states that he has no use for philosophy, his own scientific *Weltanschauung* is easily recognizable as a kind of agnosticism. Some philosophers express even a greater skepticism than Freud regarding the possibilities of an objectively valid orientation toward the world and regard scientific formulations with less confidence than Freud. After all, scientific thinking is also subject to the limitations of the human mind as well as to its wish-fulfilment tendencies, even if in a less degree than any other form of thinking. Confidence in absolute natural laws, seen from the psychological point of view, is only a modern substitute for God Almighty. There is no question that in science the human mind is only able to approximate the goal of an objective knowledge. The portrait of this new God bears a greater resemblance to nature than the old one, but it still remains a picture painted with human hands.

Dr. Franz Alexander is Director of the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago, and the author of "The Medical Value of Psychoanalysis."

Hero of Two Worlds

LAFAYETTE. A Revolutionary Gentleman. By Michael de la Bedoyere. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

TO Americans, Lafayette is a picturesque figure whose title to fame is the part he played in the Revolution. Picturesque he certainly was. In 1789 he led Marie Antoinette to the balcony of the palace at Versailles, where, in the presence of a howling mob, he stooped and kissed her hand, evoking cries of "Vive le général! Vive la reine!" and thus saving her from the ruffians who had invaded the palace. Forty-one years later he appeared in another balcony scene, this time at the Town Hall of Paris, when the cries were: "Vive le duc d'Orléans! Vive Lafayette!" He had assured the accession of Louis Philippe in the place of the no longer endurable Charles X. And between these two theatrical but decisive displays there had been another. It was Lafayette who, after Waterloo, sent word to Napoleon, who was back in Paris, that if the Emperor did not abdicate, he would propose his dethronement. An hour later Napoleon announced his abdication.

A picturesque figure of the Revolution —which Revolution? For ours was only the first of four Revolutions in which Lafayette was conspicuous. It was his manifesto, composed with the help of Jefferson, then Minister to France, that was the basis for the Declaration of the Rights of Man of 1789, and for a while Lafayette was military dictator in Paris. His third Revolution brought back Louis XVIII; and his fourth deposed the last of the Bourbons. Where is consistency in such a record?

The solution of the paradox is to be found in M. de la Bedoyere's sub-title, "A Revolutionary Gentleman," or perhaps better, "A Gentleman Revolutionary." Lafayette had been forced into exile and prison because he had tried to save the throne of Louis XVI. He confesses that the sight of the Comte d'Artois on his way to become Louis XVIII moved him greatly—"I wished with all my heart that liberty might mix with the reign of the brothers and daughter of Louis XVI." And fifteen years later he was saying to the smirking Louis Philippe, "What we need today is a popular throne surrounded by republican institutions." But France was not England. In Lafayette's country the people could not have both a throne and republican institutions. Lafayette, for all his clinging to the monarchy, was a powerful factor in the final decision, a generation after his death, for a republic.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Round about Parnassus

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN has brought out in a particularly nice-looking volume "The Poems of *Richard Aldington.*" Since the War Mr. Aldington has developed into one of our most valuable ironic novelists. His poetry has been more or less forgotten. A longer poem of such beauty as "A Dream in the Luxembourg," of 1930, reminds us, however, that his poetic faculties have not failed. I remember the author giving me a copy of this poem in Paris some three years ago, and my interest in the fact that, after all sorts of disaster and disillusionment connected with the War, this love poem seemed to speak with remarkable freshness and ardor. In fact, contrast it with one of Aldington's best earlier poems, "Childhood"—one of the longest of that pre-War period—and how almost unbearably bitter appears the earlier work. No, Aldington lost much during the War; the impress of those experiences cannot well be overemphasized; but after the War he found a new release of energy such as has come to few who have passed through the flame. And he found a person—perhaps that is part of the secret.

This is a large book. It is a complete collection of Mr. Aldington's poems, and many of these have not been published in America. A few have never before appeared in a book. Mr. Aldington furnishes an interesting brief introduction for the volume. It is twenty years since the first three poems in the book were published in Chicago, in Miss Monroe's *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.*

> Men and women are not distinguished from one another only by the quality of mind, but also by the quality of their feelings and the quality of their senses. And all these qualities must be present in poetry, though I don't for a moment believe there is any fixed or ideal ratio.

So Mr. Aldington in his introduction—a full-blooded definition of poetry with which I am very much in agreement. The extremely modern poetry seems to me to be too completely an intellectual affair. It was not so, just before the War. Poetry was then written by young men who felt intensely both the beauty of the world and its horror. And they expressed themselves explicitly and forcefully. It was perfectly easy to understand them. And with all their faults they possessed an exuberance that seemed the sign of a great age being renewed, of an Elizabethan second coming. Which was not to be.

Early an Imagist

The imagism of that time certainly did not eschew vivid sense impressions and a considerable liveliness. Witness the late Miss Lowell, witness the exciting quality of John Gould Fletcher's first "Irradiations," witness Richard Aldington's well-known, "The Faun Sees the Snow for the First Time":

Zeus,
Are the halls of heaven broken up
That you flake down upon me
Feather-strips of marble?

Dis and Styx!
When I stamp my hoof
The frozen-cloud-specks jam into the cleft
So that I reel upon two slippery points. . . .

Fool, to stand here cursing
When I might be running!

Much of Mr. Aldington's work is fluidly elusive. But again, as in "Rhapsody in a Third-Class Carriage," he can be as stricken by the ugliness of things as the most unsparing realist:

Deadness of English winter, dreariness,
cold sky over provincial towns, mist.
Melancholy of undulating trams
solitary jangling through muddy streets,
narrowness, imperfection, dullness,
black extinguisher over English towns;
mediocre women in dull clothes—
their nudity a disaster—
heavy cunning men (guts and passbooks),
relics of gentry, workmen on bicycles,
puffy small whores, baby carriages,
shops, newspapers, bets, cinemas, allotments. . . .

So, he seems to say, it is better to muse upon the white fingers of Mænads, it is better to make a phantasmagoria like "A Fool i' the Forest," and transport a split personality to Greece, it is better even to translate romance poems or the imaginary voyages of Cyrano de Bergerac and the letters of Voltaire and Frederick the Great. Partly tough-minded modern, partly renaissance dreamer, Richard Aldington is both among the best poets of his time, and yet—somehow—more remote. It is possible indeed, that he may be remembered more for his novels than for his poetry. But the accent of his verse is that of the born artist, and will always delight lovers of the beauty of the word.

Old Babylonia

Gilgamesh was a king in ancient Babylon; and now one of the world's oldest epics, which concerns him, has been translated by *William Ellery Leonard* into English verse. The book is called "Gilgamesh" and is published by the Viking Press. Mr. Leonard is, of course, famous for the novel in sonnets entitled "Two Lives" and for various volumes of shorter poems. He who originally wrote of Gilgamesh was an unknown poet who set forth his work in cuneiform script on twelve large clay tablets. A photograph of one of these is used as a frontispiece to the book. All the fragments of the tablets are now in the British Museum.

It is interesting that, in this poem, a thousand years before the writing of Genesis, the Semitic folk-tales of the flood and the tree of life and the evil serpent were set down. William Ellery Leonard's rendering of the original, in free rhythms, is based upon the German version of *Dr. Hermann Ranke.*

What the tablets yield is the story of a mighty ruler in Uruk, for contest with whom the great goddess, Aruru, fashioned another like him, one Engidu. Upon this man's being sent to earth, one of the sacred prostitutes of the temple of Astarte was made the instrument of his initiation into human life. He meets Gilgamesh and they become friends, and both go to destroy the monster Khumbaba in the sacred cedar-forest. Next, after Gilgamesh has excited the wrath of Astarte and she has sent against them a bull-of-heaven, they destroy the bull. Then sickness seizes Engidu. He dies; and Gilgamesh mourns him six days and six nights. Gilgamesh then goes to the mountain Mashu at the earth's end. He passes its guardians, the scorpion-men, and finally, after a dark journey, comes to a grove of the gods. There he finds Siduri, the divine cup-bearer. Her, and later Ur-Shanabi, Gilgamesh questions as to Life and Death. He and Ur-Shanabi sail to find Utnapishtim, the "far-one." The greater part of Utnapishtim's reply to Gilgamesh's questioning—like other sections of the narrative—is lost. From what remains we can only piece out a rather ambiguous answer to Gilgamesh's inquiries concerning death. But Utnapishtim's description of the Flood is very good. Finally Gilgamesh journeys back to "ramparted Uruk" with "Ur-Shanabi the shipman," and eventually talks with the spirit of his friend Engidu conjured from the depths of the earth.

This is a curious ancient legend—incomplete but well worth preserving, and Mr. Leonard has rendered it in a truly poetic fashion, with the scholarship for which he has always been notable.

De Régnier

Bruce Humphries, Inc., of Boston, publishes *Flora Brent Hamilton's* translations of poems from "La Sandale Ailée" of *Henri de Régnier.* When I was speaking of Mr. Aldington above, and incidentally mentioned Amy Lowell, it should have reminded me that Amy wrote one of the first articles on de Régnier that I ever read. It was included in her "Six French Poets." De Régnier is one of the greatest of the Symboliste poets. He has approved of Mrs. Hamilton's translations. With Gallic gallantry, he remarks: "Beneath the English verse, I find again the French verse in its sense and in its sonority, as though its splendor confronted me in a mirror." Just the same, I hold it pretty impossible to transpose the delicacies of the French language into our more barbarous tongue, and certainly in poetry the task is an almost insuperable one. I should say that Mrs. Hamilton has succeeded in giving us a notion as to the content and form of M. De Régnier's "The Wingéd Sandal"; but that only.

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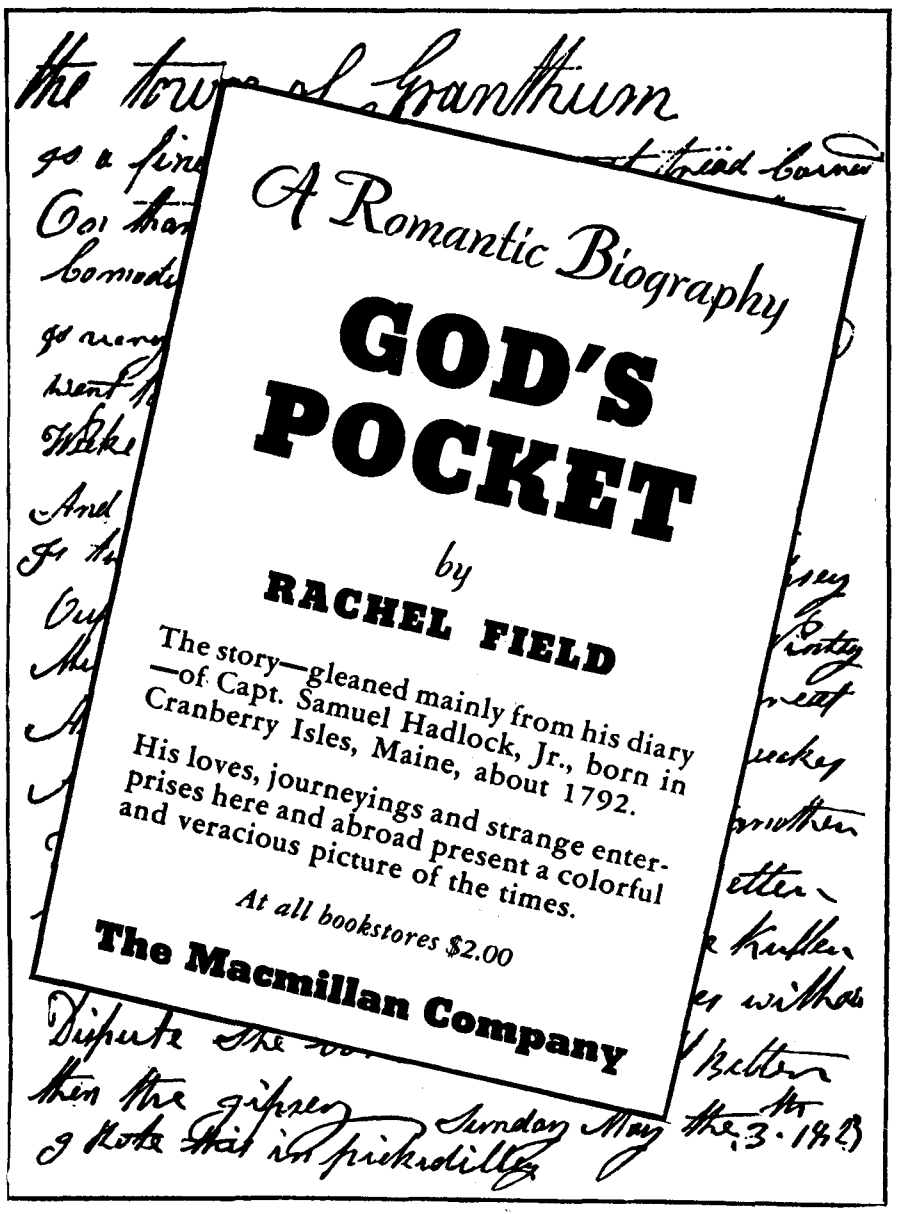
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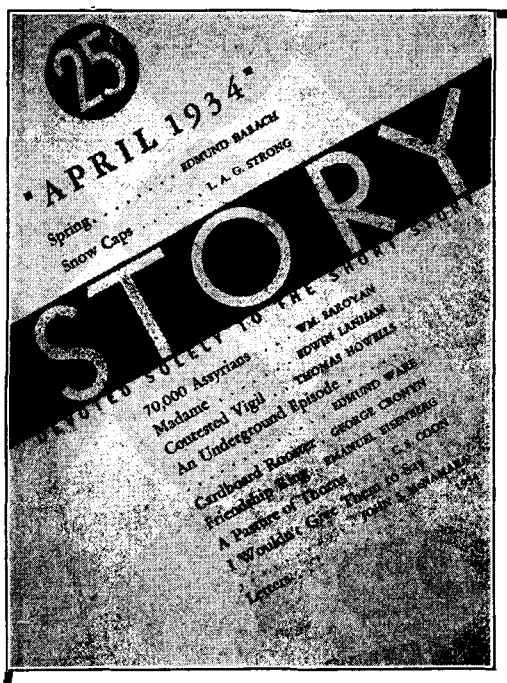
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A CLUB PROGRAM

ONE of the requests for a club program which we have not yet answered stipulates that the suggestions for reading that we make be gathered from books off the press since September, 1933.

Our literary club wishes to study during the next club year [writes L. W. R. of Shreveport, La.] a few outstanding current books, to include some biography, some worthwhile fiction, and some books dealing with right-up-to-now problems of our fast changing times.

Keeping up with the Joneses of government is a difficult task in these days of rapidly developing crises and policies, and it would be a courageous soul who would hazard the statement that a book issued in one month on political or international affairs might not be outdated the next. Still there are several works which a club might read to advantage to get general orientation toward the problems of the day. Such, for instance, are THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS (Harpers), by W. O. Scroggs and Charles Merz, edited by Walter Lippmann, and G. D. H. Cole's THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S REVIEW OF EUROPE TODAY (Knopf), both of which present a bird's-eye view of the international scene. President Roosevelt's ON OUR WAY (Day), a collection of addresses and state papers, affords a report in the words of the Executive himself of his first year's policies. Perhaps the most striking thing about the volume is the vividness with which it makes evident how much of the effectiveness of the President's radio speeches has been due to the manner of their delivery. An interesting footnote to Mr. Roosevelt's discussion of his program is furnished by THE NEW DEALERS (Simon & Schuster), by Unofficial Observer, a portrait gallery of the men who are helping to carry it out. With these books might be read Mauritz Hallgren's SEEDS OF REVOLT (Knopf), which brings into focus the underlying social and economic trends of present-day American civilization, and MY BATTLE (Houghton Mifflin), by Adolf Hitler, a cloudy and confused book, but one in which are set forth the ideas directing the dictatorship that presents so great a menace to the entire world. Hot off the press are MERCHANTS OF DEATH (Dodd, Mead), by Engelbrecht and Hanighen, and George Seldes's IRON, BLOOD AND PROFITS (Harpers), both of them horrifying indictments of the international "racket" in the arms industry. The foregoing, with Hoffman Nickerson's CAN WE LIMIT WAR? (Stokes), should give the club members some "feel" for the problems confronting our society in these parlous times.

L. W. R. gives us no indication as to whether her club wishes to confine itself to American fiction or not, but as we shall publish next week a list covering English and continental novels as well as American we shall confine ourselves here to the latter. The Shreveport club will probably want to sample various types of work. To begin with it might take up novels of the soil, and by way of introduction to that group of tales, read Louis Bromfield's THE FARM (Harpers), a romanticized autobiography which personally we consider the best book Mr. Bromfield has written. Arthur Pound's ONCE A WILDERNESS (Reynal & Hitchcock) and Nola Henderson's THIS MUCH IS MINE (Smith & Haas) give authentic portrayals of life on the farm which would interestingly supplement his book. From these stories the club might turn for contrast to examples of the fiction which is concerned with the proletarian struggle, such as Albert Halper's sprawling but effective UNION SQUARE (Viking) and Robert Cantwell's just issued THE LAND OF PLENTY (Farrar & Rinehart), interesting both as an example and a warning. Incidentally, it would be worth while to read together with these books Lauren Gilfillan's I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE (Viking), the account of a young girl's actual experiences in a Pennsylvania coal mining community. For regional fiction the club might turn to Thames Williamson's WOODS COLT (Harcourt, Brace), a tale of the Ozarks, and T. S. Stribling's UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL (Doubleday, Doran), the last of a trilogy on the South. And finally, just to see what the author of the once revolutionary THIS SIDE OF PARADISE is doing ten years after, it might read Scott Fitzgerald's TENDER IS THE NIGHT (Scribners), a novel whose flashes of brilliance make the more evident the unsatisfactory nature of the whole. Stephen Vincent Benét's JAMES SHORE'S DAUGHTER (Doubleday, Doran), is a skilful, well-written tale, with some good character drawing and an interesting setting, and could well be added to the list.

As to biography the club should find extremely interesting Louis Adamic's THE NATIVE'S RETURN (Harpers), a delightful volume recounting an American immigrant's visit to Yugoslavia and discovery of his own country; Edith Wharton's A BACKWARD GLANCE (Appleton-Century), THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS (Harcourt, Brace), in reality the autobiography of that remarkable personality, Gertrude Stein, and Matthew Josephson's ROBBER BARONS (Harcourt, Brace), biographies of great American industrialists and railway men of the last century. Here, too, as with fiction, we have confined ourself to American writers.

STORIES OF COLLEGE LIFE

J. K. S. of Chicago, Ill., writes: "Aside from STOVER AT YALE *and* NOT TO EAT; NOT FOR LOVE, *I don't know of any good college stories. I would appreciate your sending me some titles."*

One of the most delightful of all college stories, still as entertaining as when we first read it in our own undergraduate years, is Owen Wister's PHILOSOPHY 4 (Macmillan). It does all the things that the right-minded adult ought to deprecate—casts disfavor on the grind (though we don't know why anyone must approve the grind as opposed to the more intelligent scholar), invests the scapegraces with a halo, and makes the end and aim of the youthful student's college efforts nothing better than sliding neatly out of college restrictions, but it is an immensely diverting tale. It is placed at Harvard which years ago had another excellent chronicler in Charles M. Flandrau. We believe his book, HARVARD EPISODES (Copeland & Day), is out of print, but it is doubtless still to be found in libraries. Clever short stories, Mr. Flandrau's were, with rather a cynical slant as we remember them. Robert Nathan's first book, PETER KINDRED (Duffield), has a hero who goes to Phillips Andover and Harvard, and who ends by marrying a Radcliffe girl (there once was a Harvard song about "the only, only, only man who went to a Radcliffe tea"; we wonder who remembers it now). Yale is the background for Meade Minnigerode's THE BIG YEAR (Putnam), and Stephen Vincent Benét's THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM (Doubleday, Doran), has chapters laid at Yale. Scott Fitzgerald's THIS SIDE OF PARADISE (Scribners), over a decade ago now, placed Princeton squarely in the tide of the new freedom of the younger generation. An entertaining college tale, which has been extremely popular, is George Fitch's amusing AT GOOD OLD SIWASH (Little, Brown), a portrayal of life at a Middle Western coeducational college.

THE POST-BELLUM SOUTH

And now we come to the question of *A. L. L. of Willoughby, O.:*

Do you have a book relative to the existing conditions of the South which followed directly after the Civil War?

THE TRAGIC ERA (Houghton Mifflin), by Claude G. Bowers, now Ambassador to Spain, but still a newspaper man when his book won the Pulitzer Prize, would seem to be the very volume indicated if a short survey is desired. Mr. Bowers subtitles his book, which is sharply critical of the Northern policy of reconstruction, "the revolution after Lincoln." If A. L. L. wants to go into the period and its history further, he should read Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR (Macmillan), of which the first volume, covering the years 1865-1868, takes up conditions in the South in detail.

"CASTILIAN"

William Rose Benét whom we asked in behalf of *J. H. E. of New Rochelle, N. Y.* upon what Velasquez portrait Elinor Wylie's poem "Castilian," was based, tells us that the poem had no specific bearing.

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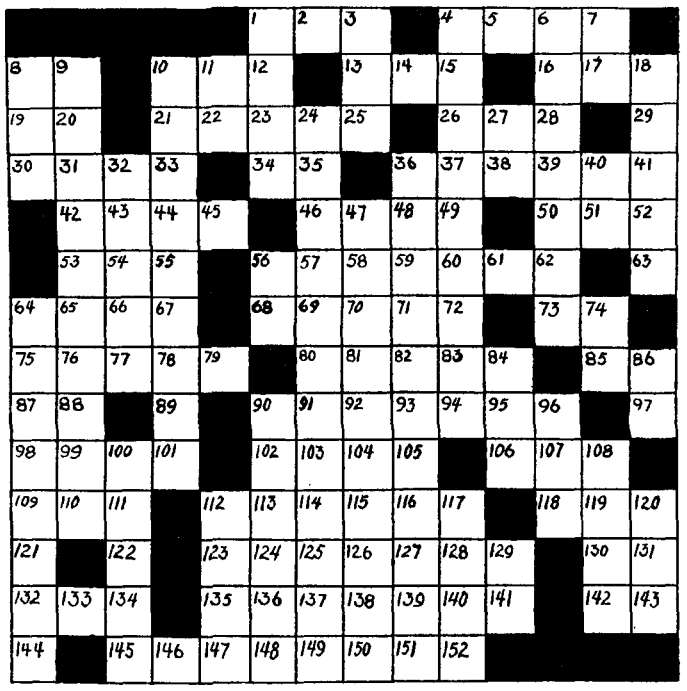
Double-Crostics: Number 5

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.



DEFINITIONS

I. 12-130-149-121-63-127-150-141. Expressing force.
II. 33-57-8-84-135-60-52. Wasted time.
III. 36-5-152-140-16-25. Diminishing.
IV. 104-108-6-99-148-17. Revenue, proceeds.
V. 70-91-124-112-136-1-9-61. What a novelist does.
VI. 113-139-101-31-151-39-92-21. When Christmas comes.
VII. 28-42-147-133-103-106. A quality of poetry and music.
VIII. 30-65-144-40-3-72. A great deal (colloq.).
IX. 80-138-118-100-145-13. A doggy salutation.
X. 94-24-44-7-117-78. Turn upside down.
XI. 49-110-85-146-125-82-75-59-56. Bride and groom (colloq.).
XII. 15-51-69-96-134-111. To neglect intentionally.
XIII. 38-115-129-23-32-53. Concealed.
XIV. 114-22-120-79-131-95-67. What turned up for Mr. Micawber.
XV. 62-2-43-123-68-47-77-107-41. English novelist (1811-1863).
XVI. 54-81-132-98-128-58. Offensive, dreadful.
XVII. 45-18-86-143-137-83. To display or indicate.
XVIII. 64-27-46-34-93-55. Changeable in action or appearance.
XIX. 89-26-66-14. Heroine of a famous Russian novel.
XX. 105-37-76-109-126-50-116. A hair-raising washout.
XXI. 87-122-74-4-48-35-142. Lustrous silk.
XXII. 19-90-71-10. Found in birds' nests.
XXIII. 20-119-29-73-97-88-11-102. To rebound or skip.

WORDS

I. _____
II. _____
III. _____
IV. _____
V. _____
VI. _____
VII. _____
VIII. _____
IX. _____
X. _____
XI. _____
XII. _____
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XVI. _____
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XVIII. _____
XIX. _____
XX. _____
XXI. _____
XXII. _____
XXIII. _____

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 4)

O. W. HOLMES—"HARVARD ANNIVERSARY"

Who writes in verse that should have writ in prose
Is like a traveller walking on his toes;
Happy the rhymester who in time has found
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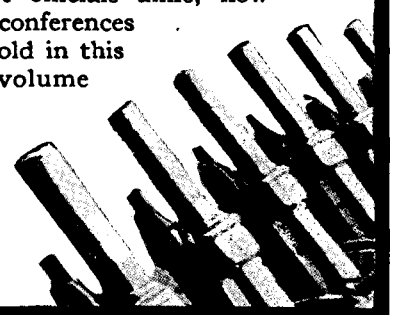

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Merchants of Death

A Study of the International Armament Industry

By H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen

Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By J. DELANCEY FERGUSON

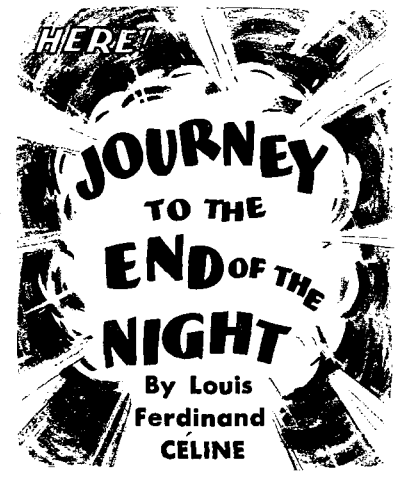
NEITHER the actor who builds his interpretation of Hamlet around well spot-lighted soliloquies, nor the enraptured highbrow who feels cheated if a performance of the play lasts less than four hours, will find much comfort in a couple of recent articles in *The Review of English Studies*. Last July Hazelton Spencer's "Seventeenth Century Cuts in Hamlet's Soliloquies" dealt with the 1676 quarto of the play. In this edition, which embodies Thomas Betterton's acting version, the printer has indicated passages which may be omitted in performance. These include most of the soliloquies and purple patches. To his earliest audiences, therefore, Hamlet was presented as essentially a man of action. Mr. Spencer suggests that Shakespeare, "purposely and habitually writing his plays at greater length than he expected to see them acted, . . . hammered them into final shape in *rehearsal*."

In the January issue, Alfred Hart's "Acting Versions of Elizabethan Plays" draws more sweeping conclusions. Two hours was the average length of an Elizabethan performance, and 2400 lines the maximum length of text which could be given in that time. Shakespeare and Jonson, in making their plays longer than this, must have written for the fun of it, knowing that their work would be cut by the actors.

> We have not a scrap of evidence to support the suggestion, which is implicit in much of past and present criticism, that Shakespeare was so highly esteemed in his own day that all his plays were acted as written. . . . The actor and man of business philosophically submitted to the mutilation of the plays written by the poet and artist. . . .

In *The Modern Language Journal* for February, Allen W. Porterfield's "The Publisher and Our Conscience" says some things about cut-throat competition among the textbook publishers which needed saying, but which will probably not be heeded. "Begging for complimentary copies of texts should be frowned on, and publishers should be warned against their usufructuous overhead caused by too many agents, and other unwise expenditures, which increase the cost of texts for indigent students."

Little, Brown Leaders



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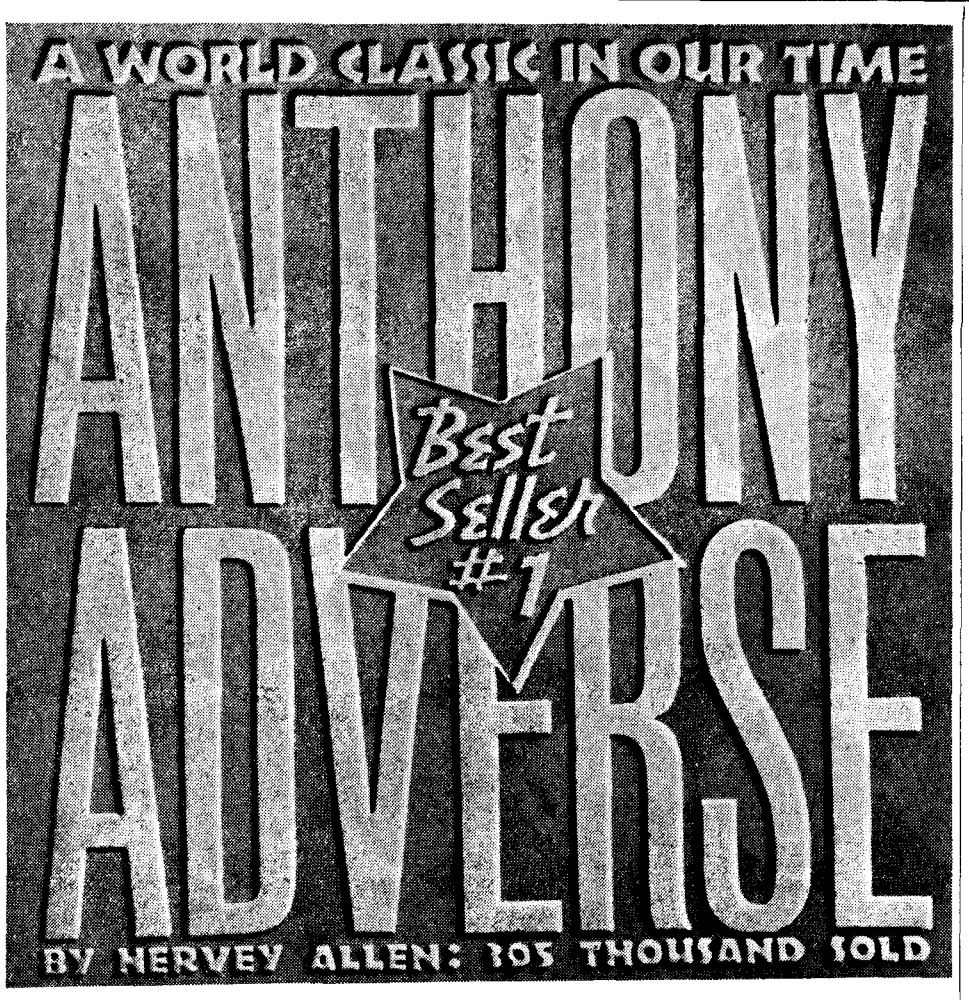

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The New Books

Art

NATURE IN DESIGN. By Joan Evans. Oxford University Press. 1934. $5.

In this well-printed monograph Dr. Joan Evans presents the refreshing novelty of a learned and fully-documented work which is written with charm and distinction. We have to do not with a history of ornament based on natural forms, but with a study of what natural forms were preferred by designers in the various nations and periods, the scope of the survey being in the main European. Dr. Evans maintains and proves the thesis that only urban civilizations draw freely upon nature for their art. Only where there are cities or their equivalent in great monasteries is there any considerable interest in trees, plants, flowers, beasts, birds, and insects. And such interest increases only as does urbanization. Dr. Evans's citation of instances is extraordinarily complete. Naturally there are omissions, as that of the delightful dragon fly signature of the famous fourteenth century French miniaturist, Jean Pucelle. Here is a rich and mellow book, the main theme being throughout fittingly illuminated by sidelights from literature. The scholar must consult it, and the cultured layman will read it with pleasure. F. J. M.

Drama

THREE PLAYS: Serena Blandish, Meteor, The Second Man. By S. N. Behrman. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Mr. Behrman has demonstrated repeatedly that he is capable of writing skilful, pleasing social comedy, which, when placed in the hands of worthy actors, has always afforded an evening of civilized entertainment. To state that Mr. Behrman's plays do not read as well as they act is in no wise to criticize his playwriting talent. Obviously he has written them not to be read but to be acted. Serena Blandish interpreted by Ruth Gordon may well have been an irresistible creature, but to read the play of that name when one might so happily be reading the infinitely more delicious novel from which it was adapted, seems scarcely worth the effort, unless of course one's primary interest is in drama technique. In "Meteor" and "The Second Man" one feels somehow that Mr. Behrman is struggling to say something which to him has great importance, but which needs the emphasis of his actors if it is to have real significance to the rest of us.

In short, as reading-matter this volume would seem to fall in the class of hundreds of pleasant-enough-if-you-have-the-time novels. Like them, it does not call for captious fault-finding, but again like them, it is scarcely good enough to warrant wholehearted recommendation. The author's technical proficiency, however, might well be examined by the student of playwriting. M. S. U.

Fiction

BEYOND THE STREET. By Edgar Calmer. Harcourt, Brace. 1934. $2.50.

The people of Mr. Calmer's first novel are all connected as pupils or teachers with the world of a New York City high school for boys, which thus becomes a convenient laboratory, grouping many excellent subjects for the author's somewhat clinical studies. Humor is almost entirely lacking, and non-essentials are strictly pared down in this sincere and painstaking picture of what happened to some twenty "cases,"—for Mr. Calmer's methods reduce his characters to "cases" rather than individuals. The more trivial preoccupations which must occupy a large place in the daily routine of such a school do not figure in the picture. Instead, an assortment of frustrations, mostly sexual and all unhappy, is studied. While it would be idle to criticize the author's choice of material, or accuse him of bias or unfairness in thus presenting only one side of the school life, a certain monotony and lack of relief undoubtedly result, which make his book, in spite of much admirable writing, often ineffective and even dull.

Indeed, during the first half of the story,—for it is a story in intention if not in effect,—it is sometimes difficult to distinguish one personality from another. This is in part due to the author's technique, which employs much dialogue, interspersed with occasional passages of interior monologue giving a character's thoughts. Thus after two pages devoted to the tense meeting of one pair, an exactly similar scene is enacted by another pair of persons, with reactions not materially different. In the end none of these figures seems to possess more than the value of an experimental guinea-pig in the author's scheme of things, and has little more significance to the reader. Finally, the characters are quite conventionally imagined to begin with,—the sympathetic and understanding old music master, the brilliant English teacher who is a "bad influence," the lady teacher approaching middle age who finds herself falling in love with one of her pupils,—all are familiar from other school novels.

This failure to bring his people to life is the principal weakness in an honest book which might somehow have been made more interesting. It is possible that the author has wished to show the domination of the group spirit over the individual by deliberately suppressing the individual's background and ignoring his life outside the school, or perhaps he has merely been too close to the Public School system himself for too long a time to see it steadily and whole. In any case, concentration on a smaller number of characters, with some attempt to treat them more fully and to give more weight to the general school atmosphere might have been wiser. The marked ability and accuracy of observation which is attested by every page of "Beyond the Street" should eventually produce a far better book.

T. P., JR.

JEREMY HAMLIN. By Alice Brown. Appleton-Century. 1934. $2.50.

Jeremy Hamlin is dead at the beginning of the book which bears his name. He lives on in the memory of his daughter, who had remained unmarried on his account, who was perhaps the only human being who truly loved him. For he was one of the enormous pirates of the nineteenth century, piling up a vast fortune by scandalous means, and unable to find any pleasure in it when it was made; and now, at the settlement of his estate, it is discovered that many of the investments he had made for others are losses, and he is being stripped even of the admiration his financial genius had commanded. His daughter thinks that by employing a writer to put down the story of his life she can show him for a great man in his own way, at least; and the reconstruction of his character entailed by this is one theme of the book. The other is introduced

(*Continued on next page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DIVORCE COURT MURDER *Milton Propper* (Harpers: $2)	Detective Tommy Rankin probes buried past of murdered Philadelphia matron to identify cunning killer.	Tangled lives, sound construction, plausible motives, and swell red herring, provide ample satisfaction.	Slick
A DRINK FOR MR. CHERRY *Dorothy Gardiner* (Crime Club: $2.)	World's dumbest detective wanders through mystery surrounding murder of small-time Thaïs, in Horaceburg, Colorado.	Title meaningless and misleading. Minimum of detection and much implausibility combine to produce tasteless brew.	D minus
BLACK FOG *Charles J. Dutton* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Dense fog ahead when Prof. Manners and Police Chief Rogan launch investigation of summer colony deaths.	Obvious padding and repetition serve to slow up yarn that by nature is no world-beater.	Average

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What Happens to a Book?

By HORACE W. STOKES

AN author would hardly thank you for calling him a "business builder"; he prefers to be considered as an artist—and yet, in spite of himself, he starts the wheels of as much commercial machinery as any other being on the face of the earth. When you read his book and find the publisher's name on it, do you ever think of the scores of other craftsmen who help to pull the wires and throw the spotlight?

For the sake of showing how they operate we have made a chart which describes the bare machinery of literary success. It shows the parts that are played by nearly sixty separate commercial units. To illustrate completely, we will assume that a highly successful author has finished a novel and wishes it placed before the largest possible public; that his name and work are such that it is sure to be serialized, dramatized, filmed, and broadcast everywhere. Several such books are published every year and most of these processes are used on any book.

When the author rises from his typewriter the machinery he has started is just beginning to move. He gives his novel to a literary agent, who operates on a commission, and the agent sells it to a magazine which runs it serially.

The printing of the novel serially increases the magazine's circulation. The increase in circulation enables the magazine to charge more for its advertising.

The agent has not stopped with the magazine editor, to whom he has sold only the first serial rights. He takes the novel to a publisher who purchases the book rights and may or may not receive a share in and control of other rights. We will assume, through some special arrangement, he does.

The book is now the publisher's property, as well as the author's, and it is up to the publisher to develop all the markets in which he has a share. He has the novel prepared for the printer in his own office, and then, since he knows a typesetter who will set the book and supply him with plates more cheaply than the printer he proposes to use, he gives it to this typesetter who runs it off in metal slugs on a linotype machine and makes a set of metal plates from the locked type forms. Since the publisher anticipates a large edition, he has several sets of electrotype plates struck off from the original set and all these are shipped to the printer.

In the meantime the publisher has called in the paper manufacturer, selected his paper and perhaps ordered a special batch to be made for him. This paper is delivered from the paper mill to the printer who in his turn has ordered a special kind of printers' ink and other printers' supplies from those that make them.

As soon as the book is printed, the sheets are shipped to the binder, who in his turn, after estimating its size, has ordered his book cloth from the book cloth manufacturer, the pasteboard backing for this cloth from the board manufacturers, his glue, thread, and the special inks or foils with which to stamp the covers, from appropriate concerns. The dies with which these covers are stamped are supplied by the publisher who employs a specialist in cutting brass binders' dies to any given design.

The book jacket is a separate problem and brings in separate business units. First of all the art agent, who handles the work of artists on a commission basis.

A suitable artist being chosen, the design is made. It involves four-color process work so it goes to an engraver, who runs a big plant for the sole purpose of supplying half-tone and full-color plates to publishers and magazines and who buys metals and acids and colored inks and photographic supplies. These plates are then shipped to the jacket printer. The jacket typesetter, or job printer, may also be called in and sends there additional plates of the blurbs or advertising matter to go on the jacket.

Since the book is sensational a lawyer may already have been brought into the picture, to protect the publisher against lawsuits, and also a special publicity man to make the most of its sensational aspects.

The publisher's advertising agent is already hard at work. Like the literary agent, he works on a commission which is paid in this case by the newspapers and magazines where the advertising is placed. He also employs a printer, to prepare direct by mail circulars, and sometimes he uses a mat service, which supplies descriptive news items about the book and the author to hundreds of newspapers. He supervises the preparation of window cards and show pieces. Each of these steps brings money to some new business.

We now have complete copies of the book, bound and jacketed, and ready several weeks in advance of the publication date. These must be distributed to the jobbers and especially the booksellers throughout the United States. They must also be sent to the book reviewers, the special radio broadcasters, the literary lecturers, the libraries, and circulating libraries. Each of these units is separate. Each derives his income in part or in whole from books.

In the meantime a foreign literary agent may be employed to sell the book to foreign magazines and book publishers, and the agent or foreign publisher may engage a foreign translator for each country.

Since the book is succeeding and being widely talked about the city editors of various papers and magazine editors send trained interviewers to "write up" the author.

And perhaps the author himself decides on a lecture tour to capitalize still further the fame his book is bringing him. If so, he employs a lecture bureau, which makes a specialty of this sort of thing. In the meantime the theatrical producer and the motion-picture producer, attracted by the novel's success, decide to put on dramatic and film versions. Collaborators, actors, stage hands, photographers, scene painters, and then dramatic critics go into action.

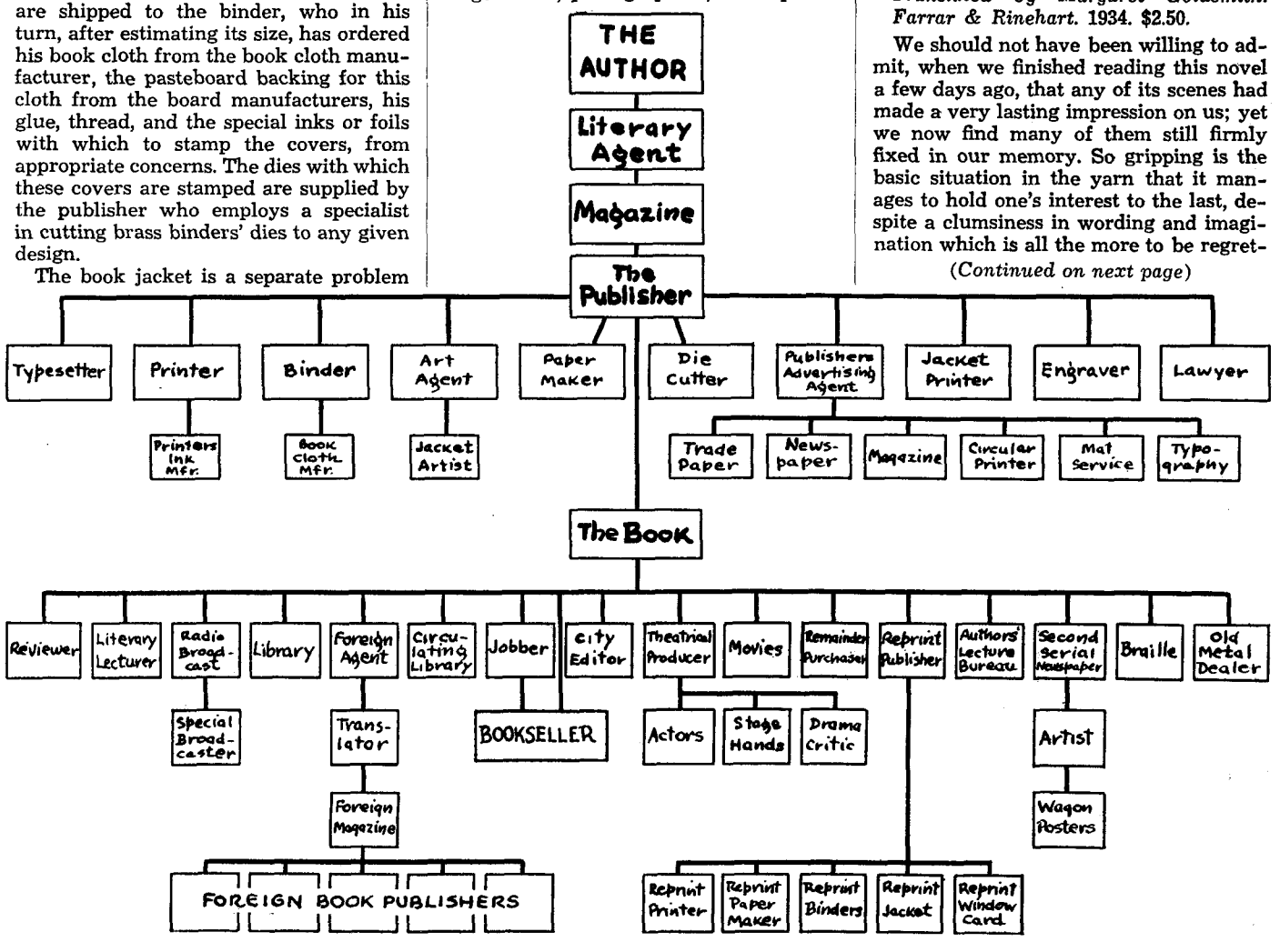
When the book has run through its success in the higher-priced edition at two dollars, a new round of activity begins. The reprint publisher leases the original publisher's plates on a royalty basis and puts out his own edition of the book. This gives work to different sets of printers, binders, jacket artists, and so on, who in turn buy more supplies.

And now (but according to the best publishing practice not for several years after the book has completely ceased to sell in the original edition) the publisher may dispose of his stock on hand for whatever price it will bring. Here, too, another business steps in, the "remainder" purchaser. But not all avenues of revenue are yet exhausted. A newspaper syndicate has purchased the second serial rights, and the book lives again through wagon posters, illustrators, and newspaper advertisements, giving work to more artists, writers, printers, paper makers, ink manufacturers, and so on.

Finally the metal plates and electrotypes are sold to the old-metal dealer for so much a pound and smelted.

The chart that goes with this description shows only a few of the business units which derive income from this novel. It has omitted the banks which finance the agents, publishers, producers, printers, and binders. It has not considered the railroad and steamship lines that carry the books and the travelling salesmen that sell them, nor does it include the delivery trucks or the gas and oil which feed them, or the pulpwood, rags, and acids from which the paper is made.

Truly, the author of a successful novel has indeed "started something." Thousands go to work at the stroke of his pen.



Horace W. Stokes is Treasurer of Frederick A. Stokes & Co.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

at the beginning, when an elderly man who had once loved Juliana Hamlin, and had almost forgotten it, meets with an accident, and while he is unconscious his spirit visits her, shaped like the young body he wore while he still loved her; but he recovers, and when she sees him, old and commonplace, neither of them can at first understand what has happened. This spiritual experience is echoed in the story of Hamlin's life, which its writer tries to show as an almost supernatural manifestation of the earth-force, like the avatar of a pagan god.

Such a story does not seem suited to its author's special gifts. She cannot attain the almost hypnotic intensity necessary to make such mysticism convincing, and the only effect of the mysticism is to make the human characters shadowy. The book has a certain quiet grace, but it is far from its author's best. B. D.

THE VOYAGE. By Heinrich Herm. Translated by Margaret Goldsmith. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

We should not have been willing to admit, when we finished reading this novel a few days ago, that any of its scenes had made a very lasting impression on us; yet we now find many of them still firmly fixed in our memory. So gripping is the basic situation in the yarn that it manages to hold one's interest to the last, despite a clumsiness in wording and imagination which is all the more to be regret-

(*Continued on next page*)

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GENTLEMAN, forties, active, literary, tolerant, sense of humor, going to waste. Will someone rescue him? Andrew.

SOUTH AMERICAN GENTLEMAN, single, tall, 30, well educated, refined, diversified interests. Traveled, studied in Europe and the Americas. Three University degrees. University language teacher, seven years. Athletic, handsome, excellent dancer, tango teacher. Radio experience. Excellent organizer, executive ability. Ambitious, reliable. *WANTS TO MAKE CHANGE.* Would consider: Traveling companion, escort. Finance mining business, Bolivia, good connections. OR anything you can offer. Best references. "CARLITOS."

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WIDOW, merry, but not frivolous, would discuss cabbages and kings corresponding with gentleman who agrees with Mr. Pitkin about the number 40. Wolverine.

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE, Park Row, Knightsbridge; backing on Hyde Park. 3 bedrooms, bathroom, living room, open fire, dining room, kitchen. Attractively furnished, £10/10/0 per week, any period May-October. Box 651.

ENGLISHMAN, 32. Employed but not affluent. Fair education, been around a bit. Would like to make friends over 25. Interested in writing. Box 652.

MY OLD PIERCE SEDAN, a small sailboat and my services may be had for three hundred per month and expenses. Go anywhere. Box 653.

CULTURED MAN, sincere, liberal, musical, artistic and outdoor interests, soon alone in New York seeks congenial companionship. Box 654.

CULTURED, attractive Christian woman of 27, New Yorker, lover of classical music, art, etc., seeks friendship with sympathetic soul. Box 655.

MAN, mature in years, interested in everything under the sun, especially in exchanging views, wishes correspondence with woman of any age. Address Box 656.

YOUNG MAN, tolerant and tolerable, can share with another man floor through Village apartment, at hall bedroom cost. Large enough for comfort and privacy. Living room done in decent antiques and contains good piano. Satisfactory place to entertain. Box 657.

LADY desires housekeeping. Seaside camp-farm. Box 658.

NEW YORK mother seeks young woman understudy for care of small sons. College type, with possibly kindergarten experience. Intelligent co-operation and energy suitably rewarded. State age; experience and references. Box 659.

LADIES to sell friends compact patented gown. Suitable for negliges or beach dresses. Box 660.

PHILADELPHIAN, thirty, feminine, reputedly vivacious and intelligent, varied interests, who once knew French well and feels it slipping, desires French-English correspondence with good-humored gentleman. Box 661.

GRADUATE NURSE, physician's widow, offers efficient, understanding nursing and companionship to refined patient: experienced mental: patient's home or in my attractive suburban home (no other patients): happy environment: reasonable. Box 662.

SERVICES TO LET—Female pedagogue bored with the Goose Step desires position. Literary inclinations. Interests: reading, little theaters, fishing, cooking, and dancing. Box 663.

WIDOW, twenty-four, college graduate, thoroughly familiar French, German, typing, proofreading, author book and articles, desires position, preferably in literary field, for summer or longer. Box 664.

YOUNG WOMAN, 27, university graduate, Seattle resident, owner of lending library, seeks change of scene and occupation. Free to travel. Owns car and typewriter. Box 665.

COLLEGE TEACHER, speech and dramatics, desires position: director summer theatre; entertainment program for summer hotel; private instructor public speaking, platform reading, acting; travelling companion. Salary not so important as surroundings. Box 666.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ted since it mars a theme of such dramatic potentiality.

Strip any group of ultra-civilized moderns of the pampering defenses of their lives, expose them to the wrath and impartiality of natural forces, and drama will result from the mere incongruity of it all. On shipboard this contrast is at its strongest, for above decks life touches the heights of sophistication, while beneath the keel flows the tangible pressure of death. The transition is accomplished in an instant for the liner *Australia* of Hamburg, by a derelict which rises out of a blue sea at dawn. A German scientist, hero of the book, and one boy are the only passengers who witness the collision, and in order to avert general hysteria and panic the scientist abjures his word of honor, swearing that there is no danger. Such an act surely deserves more careful ethical consideration than the author, Mr. Herm, has bothered to give it.

Scenes like those in the flooded stokeholds and crowded saloons, lit by the red glare of emergency lamps and the flashes of a tropical electric storm, are compelling by the very nature of their subject matter; but even these are obscured by a miasma of adjectives which renders them page-bound. Emotionally, too, the novel is vague and stiff; nor are the characters differentiated from their types. Mr. Herm loves the sea, but he admires seamen much as a small boy thrills to cowboys and Indians. The ways of salt water are not natural to him, and the spirit of reality withholds its magic touch, failing to fuse the novel's jerkily presented details into a graphic whole.

W. D.

History

TALES OF MY NATIVE VILLAGE. By Sir George Reresby Sitwell. Oxford University Press. 1934. $5.

Sir George, the first of the Sitwells to break into print, and the father of the brood, here supplies one of those books of medieval life assembled from good sources and illustrated by excellent manuscript material, which have been rather too common since Carlyle began the practice. But though his book shows no new scholarship, it is lifted well above what had become an average by the localization of the theme to the neighborhood of the Peak of Derbyshire, where his own lands and his own interest lie. Instead therefore of a generalized account, one reads here a careful reconstruction of one region, almost of one manor, with evidences of that loving attempt to construct the past of a beloved region which gives color, life, and vividness to a story. There is a good chapter by way of background on Chaucer's England, another on the Lord of the Manor, a very good and carefully documented and yet vigorous description of a thirteenth century feast. And then the story is carried on to the Holy Land and the Pilgrim's Way. A reviewer, well rather than deeply read in the history and literature of this period, finds in this book that the shrewd aperçus, the accounts of the provenance of well known literary masterpieces, and the comment upon social customs, are quite as valuable as the place-and-time survey of a feudal unit of medieval England.

Brief Mention

The war diary of Hervey Allen, "Toward the Flame," one of the best of the early American war books, has been reprinted with illustrations and a new preface (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). This is Hervey Allen's contribution to source material for heroic romance. * * * Two additions to the Appleton biographies are "William the Conqueror," by Hilaire Belloc, and "Harun al Rashid," by H. St. John Philby ($1.50 each). * * * A useful guide for summer motorists is a handsome volume published by the American Association of Museums, Washington, called "Historic House Museums," by Laurence Vail Coleman, containing descriptions of famous American houses from California to Maine now used as museums, and also a directory by states of all such houses with a bibliography of relevant books.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Studies in Spenser's Complaints. H. Stein. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.50. *Christopher Marlowe in London.* M. Eccles. Howard Univ. Pr.

ECONOMICS

Economics and Liberalism. K. R. Greenfield. Johns Hopkins Pr. $3.

EDUCATION

Language Guide. English-Russian. Moscow: International Book Co. *Junior High School Geography.* D. C. Ridgley and H. H. Russell. Bloomington, Ill. McKnight & McKnight. 70 cents. *Modern Furnishing and Decoration.* D. Patmore. Studio. $4.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Hypnotism. T. L. Garrett and J. H. E. Kern. New York: McAuliffe-Booth. $1. *College Women and the Social Sciences.* H. E. Mills and others. Day. $2.50. *Write It Right.* A. Bierce. Union Library Association. $1. *Books of General Interest for Today's Readers.* Compiled D. Hoit. American Library Association. *The A B C of Nudism.* I. Boone. New York: Sunshine Book Co. $1. *Miners and Management.* M. Van Kleeck. Russell Sage Foundation. $2. *Tropical Fish and Their Care.* N. Lederer. Knopf. $2.50. *New Patterns in Sex Teaching.* F. B. Strain. Appleton. $2. *In Our Back Yard.* H. M. Reynolds. Scribners. 72 cents. *La Fayette and the Society of the Cincinnati.* E. E. Hume. Johns Hopkins Pr. $1. *Greek Geography.* E. H. Warmington. Dutton. $1.90. *A Short History of the University of Michigan.* W. B. Shaw. Ann Arbor: Wahr. *Christian Missions and a New World Culture.* A G. Baker. Willett. $2. *Zoo Cavalcade.* E. G. Boulenger. Dutton. $2.50. *Placer Gold Mining and Prospecting.* F. J. Sur. Hollywood: Rose. *And Now Youth!* V. Ilma. Ballou. 50 cents. *A Player's Handbook.* S. Selden. Crofts. $2.75.

POETRY

The Shorter Poems of Robert Browning. Ed. W. C. De Vane. Crofts. $1.75.

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OUT OF SUCH FIRES *Jean Devanny* (Macaulay: $2.)	Novel	Seeking fresh material, young woman takes domestic job on remote Australian sheep ranch, clashes with owner's domineering stepmother. Sympathy for any of the characters is quickly dispelled, but the ensuing struggle is dramatically fascinating.	Unusual
TIGER ISLAND *Gouverneur Morris* (Dutton: $2.)	Romantic Adventure	When the Chinese ship Boldero piled up on a desert island, Ivy found herself with a big game hunter, a young wireless operator, and the survivors of the crew under Captain Wong Bo, a gent of practically no kindly instincts.	Adequate

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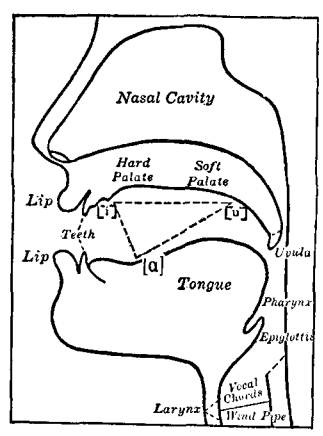
By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The Booksellers' Convention, originally scheduled for early June, has been moved up to April 29-30, for immediate discussion of the booksellers' code. Monday morning Cedric Crowell and Richard Fuller will speak on opportunities under the code; Frank Magel on duties and rights as to compliance. In the afternoon there will be two speakers from the N. R. A.—O. J. Libert, Assistant Deputy Administrator assigned to the booksellers' code, and David Barr, Assistant Counsel, who was instrumental in drafting the code. Francis X. Howard of Dutton's, Karl Placht of the Beacon Book Shop, and Albert R. Crone of R. R. Bowker Co. will be the other speakers. ☞The A. B. A. expect the biggest turnout in years; the trade, now that the code is signed, is full of new hope and energy. ☞Medium Quercus, who is honored by the invitation to serve on the reception committee, will endeavor to report the proceedings.

☞The author of the article on the book code in last week's *Saturday Review* requests Quercus to insert one important point that got left out, owing to the limitations of space and the author's verbosity. The point is that the Administrators' Price Control Committee includes, among other members representing booksellers and publishers, an Administration representative, nominated by the Consumers' Advisory Board. This member is the most important from the book-buyer's point of view.

☞*And Now, Youth!* by Viola Ilma, published by Robert Ballou in an attractive board format (50 cents) is a courageous essay by a young woman of 23 who has made it her specialty to know what younger people are dreaming and hoping. It is a moving testament of revulsion from the general social mess of War, Jazz Era, and Depression; a clear-cut expression of youth's instinctively conservative idealism. It makes a highly interesting and encouraging document of our time. ☞The witty title of A. P. Herbert's forthcoming novel on divorce, *Holy Deadlock*, originated in a telephone conversation between Herbert and his London publisher, Mr. E. V. Lucas of Methuen's. The original title *Unholy Matrimony* had been discarded, but the time was getting late and still the author had not supplied another. Mr. Herbert called Mr. Lucas on the telephone, suggesting *Unholy Wedlock* as a possibility. "If you don't make up your mind soon," said Mr. Lucas, "it will be wholly deadlock." Herbert, hearing it as *Holy Deadlock*, shouted approval and the title was fixed. ☞Poor Old Quercus, having remarked recently on his timidity in pronouncing the diaeresis in *Moët & Chandon*, was hoping someone would pronounce it for him, preferably at the dinner table. The nearest he got to it was a delicious bottle of *Pommery* 1921 ordered by Mr. E. V. Lucas. However, he has discovered *Essentials of French Pronunciation* by Professor Fotos and Cattell of Purdue University (Scribner's) in which there is a map of the Superglottal Passages. Studying these teachers' discussion of the Vowel Triangle, this picture (here-



with) more or less represents the side view of a host who has successfully rounded the *Moët* and is starting on the word *Chandon*. "The tongue is nearly flat in the mouth," says the text, which correctly describes Quercus's feelings.

☞A friendly pineapple merchant in Honolulu writes that he was attracted to this department by the title Trade Winds, "which are so essential to the enjoyment of life in Hawaii." He adds that another enjoyment would be to be able to beg, buy, borrow or steal the earlier books of Dorothy Sayers. Perhaps Minnie Todd of the Honolulu Paper Company's book department can help him? ☞Henry M. Snyder cables from Honolulu that Ruth McKee's *The Lord's Anointed* (which was released there prior to Mainland publication) is greeted in the Islands as "the first novel about Hawaii worthy of serious and mature consideration." ☞The Gotham Book Mart of 51 West 47 Street is getting ready for the annual spring opening of its back yard. Since Miss Steloff's recent visit to Mexico, the G. B. M. has become U. S. distributor for Frances Toor's *Guide to Mexico* ($1.00) which has been a great convenience for travelers since its publication last year.

The Blue Plate Special

☞And here's the new SATURDAY REVIEW display stand. We've gone off the old Gold Standard, which was welcomed by the trade, but was a bit heavy. They'll like the new one even better. Mr. Clip Boutell, who designed it, calls it the Blue Plate Special. It's made of stout cardboard in vivid Booktrade Blue; measurements,

when opened out, are 18½ inches high, 14 wide, 8 deep. It has double wing easel for support, a crisp little ledge in front to hold a book for Display. ☞Michael Gross (of Oberly and Newell, lithographers) is in charge of its manufacture. Booksellers, newsdealers, libraries, can have it, strongly packed, for 50 cents postpaid—which is considerably less than it costs to make. Mr. Boutell (who has some inciting new two-color leatherheads for our Bookstore Department, likewise a folder describing the Blue Plate Special) is all set for correspondence on this topic; and the ubiquitous Louis Greenfield who put over the Gold Standard, is selling the Blue Plate with enthusiasm. You know the address—25 West 45.

☞Bernard Shaw's new book will be called *Short Stories, Scraps and Shavings.* The old boy has done plenty of scrapping but very little shaving. ☞*The Death-Ship* by B. Traven, published by Knopf this week, is a truly remarkable book. Beginning as a kind of humorous satire on government bureaucracy and the absurdity of passports, it rises into powerful sea-fantasia and ends as a Moby Dick of the stokehold. ☞This is Be Kind to Animals Week, and the good old Bide-A-Wee Home, whose farm at Wantagh, L. I., has done more kindness than most of us, sends out a bark for additional funds, badly needed. Its head office is 410 East 38 Street; one of the executive board is Mrs. Edgar Saltus, whose name is well-known in our Trade. ☞A horrifying chapter on political torture in Jugoslavia, omitted by Louis Adamic from *The Native's Return*, has been printed for private distribution by Arthur Whipple, 1169 N. Virgil Ave., Los Angeles. It is entitled *Struggle.*

As we go to press, we learn with regret of the death of Guy Holt on April 21. Although only forty-two, Mr. Holt had been connected with publishing since 1909. For several years he was head of the editorial department of Robert M. McBride and Co.; he served the John Day Co. as secretary from its organization until 1930; for the last four years he was in charge of Whittlesey House, the trade book unit of the McGraw-Hill Company.

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